

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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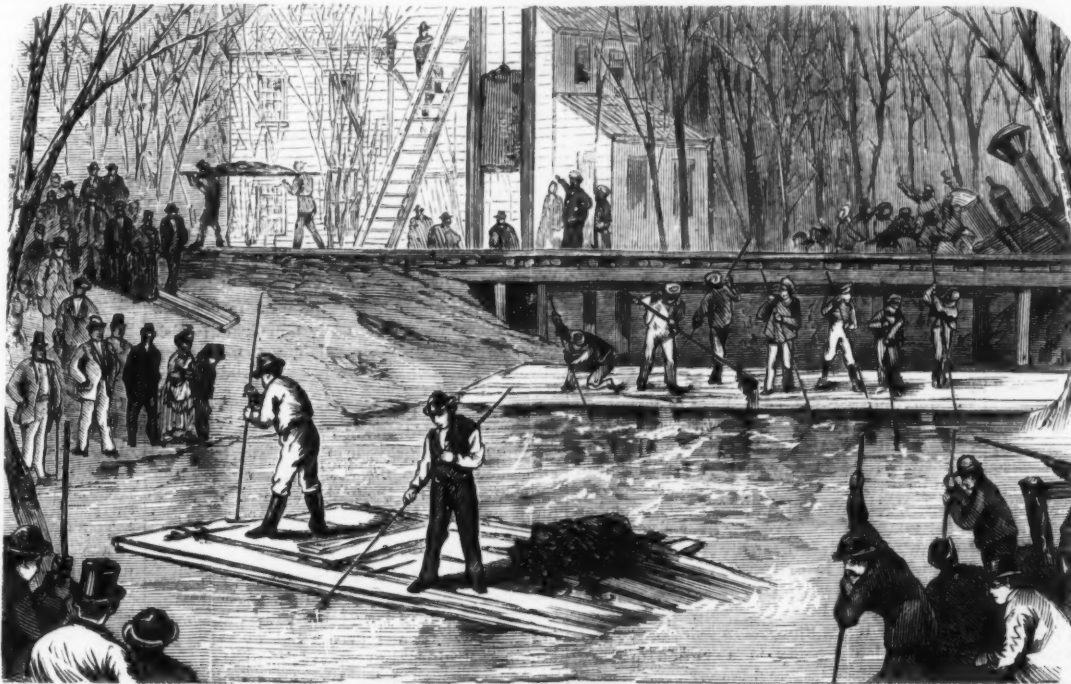
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RAILWAY ACCIDENT NEAR RICHMOND SWITCH.

THE steamboat express train, which connected with the steamer *Stonington* from New York, on last Friday night met with a terrible accident near Richmond Switch, fourteen miles from Stonington, on the Stonington and Providence Railroad. Across a stream called Meadow Brook was a bridge, between fifteen and twenty feet in span. Just above this was a saw-mill dam, which had been broken down by the recent heavy rain, thus letting the water through in such a terrific volume that it carried away both abutments of the railroad bridge, leaving only the superstructure standing. At midnight the mail-train south passed over this bridge in safety.

The steamboat train above mentioned, consisting of one engine, three baggage-flats, a second-class, three first-class passenger, and a smoking-car, left the wharf at Stonington at 3:15 A.M. The mail-train from New York was just ten minutes behind it.

The steamboat train rushed along at the rate of forty miles an hour until it reached the bridge, when the engine jumped the



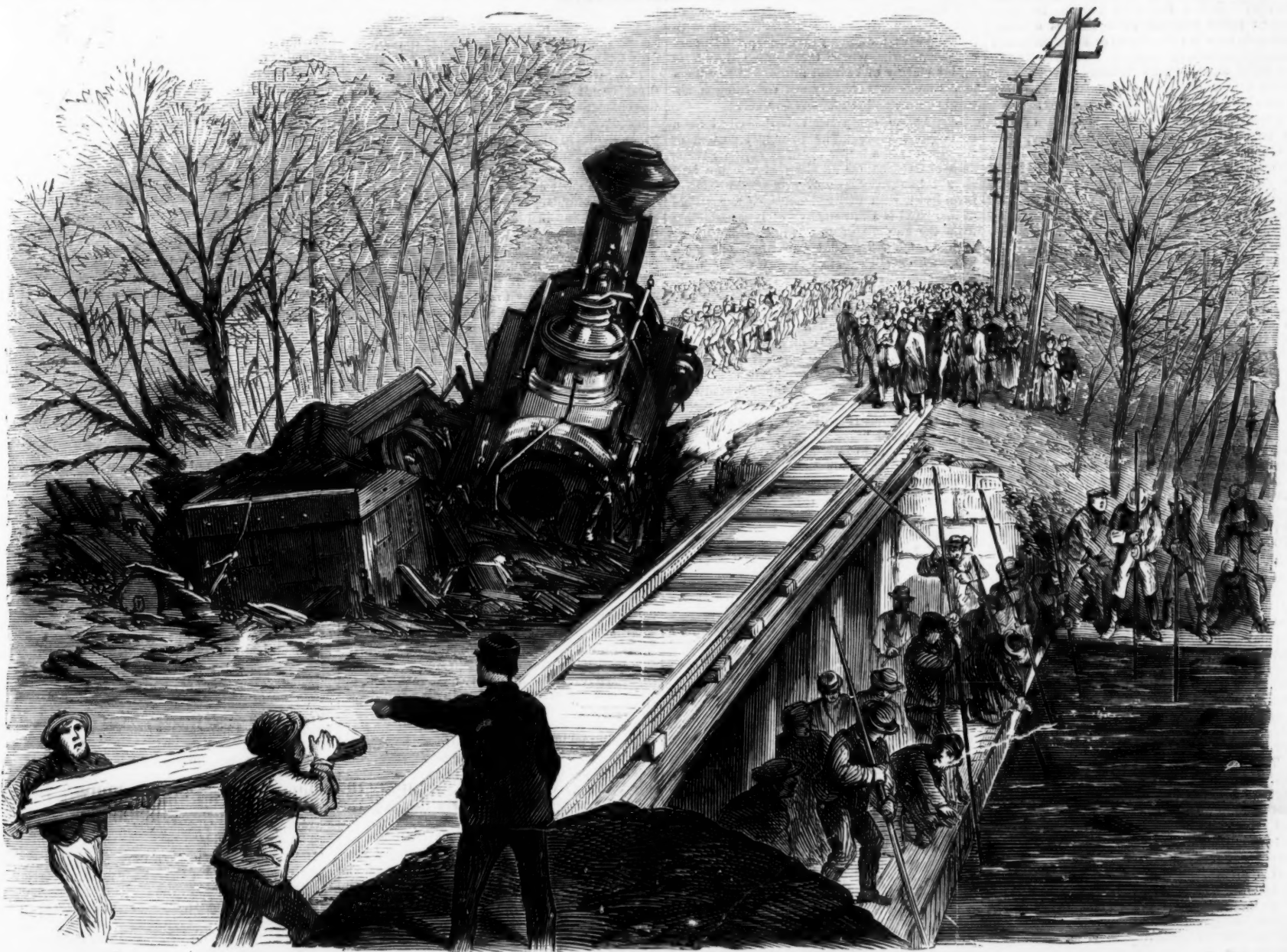
PEOPLE SEARCHING FOR BODIES—FREIGHT AND FRAGMENTS OF THE WRECK.

chasm, so great was its speed. It struck the opposite bank; the freight flats followed, then the second-class car, and all fell into the bed of the creek. The first of the first-class cars telescoped into the second-class, and the two plunged to the opposite side of the fearful gulf. The other three cars followed, but were not wrecked.

When the train fell from the track, the overturned lamps and stoves set fire to the cars, from which escape was almost impossible. The terrified and injured passengers shrieked wildly for help, and, bursting through doors, those not maimed got into the creek and escaped, or were drowned. Many were frightfully burned. The most determined efforts were put forth by the uninjured to rescue the sufferers. Some were drawn through the windows, others were taken from the water, while many were undoubtedly crushed to death beneath the ruins.

The engineer, William Guild, was jammed between the driving-wheel and the engine. There was barely enough of his body left by which to identify him. The fireman, George Eldridge, was crushed to pulp. It is related of one unfor-

(Continued on page 121.)



EMPLOYEES OF THE RAILWAY COMPANY RAISING THE LOCOMOTIVE FROM THE CHASM.

RHODE ISLAND.—SCENES AND INCIDENTS DURING AND AFTER THE TERRIBLE RAILWAY ACCIDENT NEAR RICHMOND SWITCH.—FROM SKETCHES BY JOS. BECKER.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
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FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
NEW YORK, MAY 3, 1873.

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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is the oldest established illustrated newspaper in America.

TO THE READER.

THE fourth number of the Monthly Supplement, which accompanies the present issue of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER will be found to contain a greater variety of interesting subjects than any that has preceded it. The stirring story—"A Vagabond Heroine"—by Mrs. Edwards, deepens most intensely in plot and interest, while the shorter selections present an amount of pleasing and useful information which cannot fail to be widely appreciated. The articles: "THE PLANET JUPITER," and "WESTMINSTER ABBEY IN THE OLDEST TIME," are most attractive; and that entitled "MUSCULAR STRENGTH OF INSECTS," both fascinating and instructive. "OUR PROGRESS IN WEATHER KNOWLEDGE," "THE ROMAN FORUM," "GREAT MEDICINE MEN," and "THE SILVER LIGHT," are also of great excellence, and establish beyond doubt that this monthly gift of thirty-two closely-printed pages should secure for the journal it supplements a circulation even more extensive than it at present enjoys.

INDIANS.

WE have gone from extreme to extreme on the Indian Question. It has been a history of murder, robbery, drunkenness and fraud of all sorts, and of the lowest profligacy as well; for Indian traders, and officers of the Army stationed among these savages, have not hesitated to practice polygamy and to rear illegitimate children by what they called their Indian wives. A more disgraceful chapter does not appear in any history than is our record with the Indians. There is not a redeeming feature in it from the days of Penn, unless we praise the sentimental side of the shilly-shally policy of General Grant, which ended in the murder of General Canby, and the consequent reaction which now seems to demand the horrid extreme of extermination.

The natural result of the variable, shifting, and fickle management of Indian affairs has been to confirm the wild Indians in their ancient belief that the white man is a weak creature, who is to be lied to and circumvented on every possible opportunity. The Red Men do not know what occult influences direct the so-called Policy of the Government. They see in its shiftiness nothing but inefficiency.

Even the traditional Indian is nearly a fraud. As he comes down to us in his togger, from the pens of romance-writers—like a wild turkey in peace and a brigand in war—he looks very well to green boys, mad poets and simpering schoolgirls. When such read Speeches, which he never made, that breathe the simple fervor of religion and patriotism and martyrdom, they sniffle over that poetic fiction of Pope which has now passed into burlesque, about "Lo, the poor Indian, whose untutored mind," etc. Quite forgetful of the brute's fagots and tomahawk, some fancy that they can see his soul in the music of rhythm and the word-painting which so fascinates in "Hiawatha;" and others allow themselves to make a hero of the Coriolanus type of the late Mr. Forrest's *Melamora*. Pretty much all this is an idle poem and a hypocritical fraud. From Red Jacket down to Billy Bowlegs and Blackhawk, the average Indian is a dirty, lazy, treacherous, cruel, polygamous, vermin-infested savage; proud, perfidious, ostentatious and worthless; who refuses to dig or plant, beats and overburdens his wives, hunts and fishes, steals and begs, and scalps and burns peaceful emigrants.

But they "were the original owners of the soil." Ergo, they shall be perpetually treated with as a distinct nation or nations! Ergo, they shall check the advance of civilization by refusing to submit to law, or to be educated, or to adapt themselves to industrial pursuits! Ergo, we must concede to the Indian these abnormal rights, or consent to have our throats cut on our frontiers! Ergo, we shall foster a corrupt Ring of plunderers in Washington to steal the public money under the pretext of feeding and giving presents to the Indians! The same train of reasoning would concede like rights, proprietary and sentimental, to wild beasts.

The Washington Indian Ring is about as dirty (we know no other word to express the fact) as are the bad Indians. General Grant has tried to purify the Ring, it is said. Every old worn-out, defaulting, cashiered Indian agent or dismissed chief clerk of the Indian Bureau seems to squat down in the Capital and stick out his sign as an Indian lawyer. Their business is to delude the Indians to believe that they have claims under old Treaties. These they patch up and prosecute in conjunction with such "civilized" Indians as haunt the Department of the Interior, in

humble imitation of their *Crédit Mobilier* white brethren.

The bad Indian is no fool. He is simply a cunning, cruel, lazy, self-willed rascal. There is no reason why he cannot be civilized which does not exist in his dogged obstinacy. He can read, write, hunt, fish, make bargains; and this whether he be flat-headed or round-headed. He knows enough to believe in the immortality of the soul. He can fashion many kinds of war-tools. He understands how to gamble and drink whisky. The Indians are good physicians, having a greater list of remedies than is known to the civilized pharmacopœia, and they can discriminate how to use them. It is simple "bosh" to assert, if the Red Man can be so easily poisoned by the vices of civilization, that he cannot be made to comprehend its virtues and requirements.

When the Indians want anything, they can be civil enough—even the Tribal Indians. Red Clouds and Spotted Tails swarm ever and anon in Washington, to the disgust of everybody, in their rags and filth, and pow-wow and bow-wow with the Great Father. The excuse of babyhood can no longer shield these two-legged panthers and tigers. The heart shudders over the blood and treasure which the Indian problem has cost our country, from the early days of Massachusetts and Virginia down to the horrible Florida campaign, in which latter every Indian killed was at the sacrifice of many white lives and thousands of dollars. The Florida war lasted seven years and cost \$30,000,000. And now they have murdered one of our best generals!

General Grant has authorized the extermination of the Modocs; but is represented as adhering to his Peace Policy with regard to other tribes. And, as a specimen of this policy, the President has just let loose once more Big Tree and Satanta, the notorious Kiowa chiefs who have been imprisoned in New Mexico for a long time. These Indians have been repeatedly guilty of the most outrageous acts of treachery. They have murdered women and children, and perpetrated other aggravated crimes. They have been released on the petition of their followers, who promise to reform on the condition of the enfranchisement of their leaders—who will now probably lead them on afresh to rapine and murder.

The Modocs under Captain Jack number about sixty. They have, for over a year, baffled several hundred United States troops, who have attempted to drive them from the Lava-beds. And there are now about six hundred troops besieging these desperadoes. We shall not wonder if the murderers escape.

The Modoc country is a region of solid barren granite, basalt and trachyte, containing one hundred square miles, rent by volcanic upheavals into a thousand yawning ravines and caverns, interspersed with numerous tall cliffs, whose sides are honeycombed with hiding-places for Indian marksmen. The pass of Thermopylae, where three hundred soldiers held an army of several millions at bay for a long time, was probably not so strong a natural defense as the Modoc Lava-bed.

The Indian camp itself is described as a remarkable place. The principal portion of the camp is in a large opening of the ravine, an acre in area, on all sides of which a wall rises a hundred feet and upward, forming a huge bowl, with inclined sides. On the side of this bowl is a flat surface of lava extending from the summit of the rim back for more than a mile. This flat has numerous sink-holes with small openings, which widen downward, and spread below into vast caves, communicating with each other by subterranean passages and with the camp. It is said that a single man could keep a hundred assailants there at bay without fear of being smoked out, as the native troops were smoked out of their caves in Algiers by the French soldiers. Fighting up the sides of a mountain has always been considered as an arduous and dangerous military feat, but there is something still more terrible than a "Battle in the Clouds," in a combat with a hidden enemy in the sunless caverns of a burnt-out volcano.

We do not say, by any means, that all Indians are alike, or that the exceptional treatment due to the scoundrel Modocs should be applied indiscriminately. Years ago many of our prominent and veteran generals reduced their experience to a written Indian Policy, which was to the effect—(1) That all tribes should be removed from the main routes of travel. (2) That Army officers should have control of the Indians on their reservations. (3) That hostile Indians should be fought until unconditional surrender. (4) That the system of treaty-making and tribal organizations be broken up, and that the Indians be treated like other citizens. It was understood at the time that General Grant concurred in this sound policy.

At a rough guess, about one-quarter of a million of tribal Indians remain. Of course, no census can be taken of them. The Washington records of the savages are exaggerated lies, invented often as a base for felonious appropriations. They can only be estimated by the Agencies to which they apply for relief, for food and clothes, which they will not earn by agriculture, or any industrial pursuit. Like gypsies, the Indians, according to Schoolcraft, "litter under hedges." The bulk of these are said to be in Nevada, Nebraska, and Northern Texas. Many thousands of them are in Alaska, and cut no figure in any discussion of Govern-

mental Indian Policy. According to official reports, fifty thousand may be classed as civilized; twenty thousand as partially so; and the remainder are pure savages. Those who have been gathered on reservations outnumber the marauding bands, who seldom or never report themselves to any Indian agency or missionary.

What with official plunder, raiment, food, presents, office machinery, agencies, and the like, army appropriations properly taxed as made wholly to protect our frontiers, and the extraordinary expenses to which frontier States are exposed to defend themselves from their depredations, the annual cost of these Indians, according to rough estimates, is in the neighborhood of eighty millions. The actual expense, as managed by speculators, of merely pensioning them, does not fall short of eight millions of dollars. If this estimate is even approximately true, we should save money by reclaiming and boarding the whole of them at good hotels, and dressing them by our best tailors, hatters, and shirt and bootmakers.

Humanity has done enough sobbing over the Indian and his setting sun; over his forced retreat to the confines of civilization; over his perishing race. A live generation can only do its God-appointed work, and do it practically with things as they are. Our mission is not to attempt to solve the Indian *Providence*, but the Indian *Policy*. He who is in the Heavens only understands why wars and bloodshed inevitably mark Progress. But such seems to be the Divine decree. It is not for the bloody, treacherous and refractory Indian to prove the only exception.

WAR OF RACES.

AWFUL news comes to us from Louisiana of a bloody disorder and revolutionary conflict.

A quarrel over local officers in Grant Parish has resulted in a horrible slaughter, more than one hundred negroes being reported killed. The trouble seems to have grown out of a contest for possession of the County Court House, situated at Colfax, Grant Parish. Mr. Kellogg, claiming to be Governor of Louisiana, has commissioned certain men as parish officers, the Lynch Returning Board having first set aside the popular election. Kellogg's appointees are resisted by some of those who opposed his party in the late elections, the colored men being conspicuous in the preliminary acts of violence. These, fortifying themselves in the Court House, have been attacked by the whites, indiscriminately, and driven out by firing the building. No legal process seems to have been attempted on either side. We hope the tragical results of this lawless conflict have been overstated. It is enough to know that the bloody occurrences in Grant Parish are the legitimate fruits of a usurpation which a United States Court initiated, and which the President winked at.

Now, we shall expect to hear that this natural result of the usurpation of the Federal Government is to be attributed to a Ku-Klux uprising. Also we shall hear sectional appeals made to the North to sustain the illegal Kellogg faction—for the sake of "peace" and "order." It remains to be seen, however, if the Government can make capital, in this way, out of its blunders and crimes.

The situation in Louisiana is too grave for hasty judgment. It was part of that scheme of the Kellogg usurpation—which was engineered by the unscrupulous, ambitious, sectional Mr. Morton—to effect violence in the South, no matter how—only to effect enough outrage to fire anew the dying flames of sectional hate, whose hot breath is the atmosphere in which alone the Government retainers can hope to survive. Our nation is, indeed, in a dreadful condition, ruled as it is by a spirit at war with all constitutional law. Let the motto of the North be, "United we stand" as a Union. Radical Republicanism is now the only dangerous rebel element in the land. The North must not be duped by a pirate flag into the support of sectional despotism.

WOMAN GROSSLY INJURED.

THAT old foggy concern, the Supreme Court of the United States, have just decided that women cannot practice at the Bar—in other words, that they cannot, by mere force of the Constitution of the United States, become practicing lawyers, by simple virtue of their sex and "citizenship." It is not necessary to give the reasoning on this head of the august tribunal. Enough for sorrow is found in the lamentable result reached—to wit, that no woman, under these conditions, shall be a practicing lawyer.

This is a most unkindly cut, for it hits at woman's tongue. It declines to grant her a professional charter to chatter for pay. It refuses to give her—who has such a mint of words—a charter to talk professionally, for money. This authority formally declares that there is one sacred spot on this green earth where a strong-minded woman's tongue shall not be omnipotent, and that such monstrous spot is a courthouse—while the Bench is in session. This Judicial restriction is the most deadly stab which female citizenship has received in our liberal day, and it should fill all good men and women with becoming indignation.

Besides, the result of this decision must necessarily be formidable to that large class of

families who have wives and old-maid relatives who may be professionally legally inclined. Debarred from gabbling in Court, these disappointed forensics must either explode, or empty out their flood of talk somewhere else. Operating like a dam upon rushing waters, this unlooked-for decision of the stolid graybeards will direct the rush of these disappointed female tongues, with fresh vigor, into private channels. We shall have a perfect deluge of Caudle tortures and Blue-stocking parlor essays, during which demands will be lively for Noah's Arks.

Female doctors can't do much talking—that is, in the rooms of patients. Female writers, in order to live, must hold their oral speech in curbed subjection. As saleswomen, their lingual case is better; as telegraph operators, it is worse; as photographers, only so-so; as wives, it is glorious; but, as lawyers, this estate would have been magnificent. And all that superb prospect spoiled by the dictum of a few old fogies! The thing is cruel and unreasonable.

Women lawyers! Only fancy how all the Buzzfuzzes would be put to shame by strong-minded female appeals to juries. What discourses! How logical, terse and pellucid they would appear on demurrers, motions to quash, and in arrest of judgment. With what submission—when under excitement—they would bow to an adverse legal decision by some bachelor Judge on a point of evidence, as for example, thus: "Yes, your Honor, I understand why you put me down. They do say that there are excellent private reasons why the Court is compelled to yield to my fair and learned opponent, Mrs. Snooks." In Divorce cases what could equal them, buried chin-deep in scandal—and how they would go into hysterics over a square murder trial—and what sport to listen to some half-dozen of them, all cackling at the same time, like hens over new-laid eggs, at the same bewildered witness! Only fancy such witness an old female well rouged up, and the controversy to be whether or not she shall be compelled to disclose her age! That the Supreme Court should spoil all this fun, and deny this especial female privilege, is judicial oppression in the first degree. Of course, all moderate ladies will comprehend that portion of their sex (?) which alone is embraced in these strictures.

The fair martyr who led this forlorn hope is a Vermont maiden, by name Myra Bradwell, who appealed from the State of Vermont, whose Courts had declined to allow her to Bloomerize the *role* of Attorney. Myra concluded that her rights as a citizen (under the Fourth Article and Fourteenth Amendment of the Constitution of the United States) were thereby invaded. Their Honors determined that, while Myra might be a citizen of Vermont, and while her rights may have been invaded by that dastardly Commonwealth, still it is not in the power of the United States to determine claims of privilege which are clearly in the class that relate to the citizenship of a State. And so Miss Myra Bradwell must subside—that is, so far as an agitated strong-minded woman can be made to subside.

THE HUMORS OF CRIME.

ONE cannot afford to laugh over the "Humors of Crime" as developed in the petty larcenies of the defunct Congress. Time was when poor dear Mr. William L. Marcy was lampooned and bowled about by all our jokers, because, in his accounts with the Government, there appeared an item of "fifty cents" charged for having his "breeches patched." But that was in the virtuous long ago. Those breeches provoked the ire and fun of the country. For years they were gazed at like a scarecrow—and, great and good as Mr. Marcy really was, that little arrow, barbed with the unfortunate patch in the seat of his pantaloons, rankled in his reputation to the end of his long and eminent life.

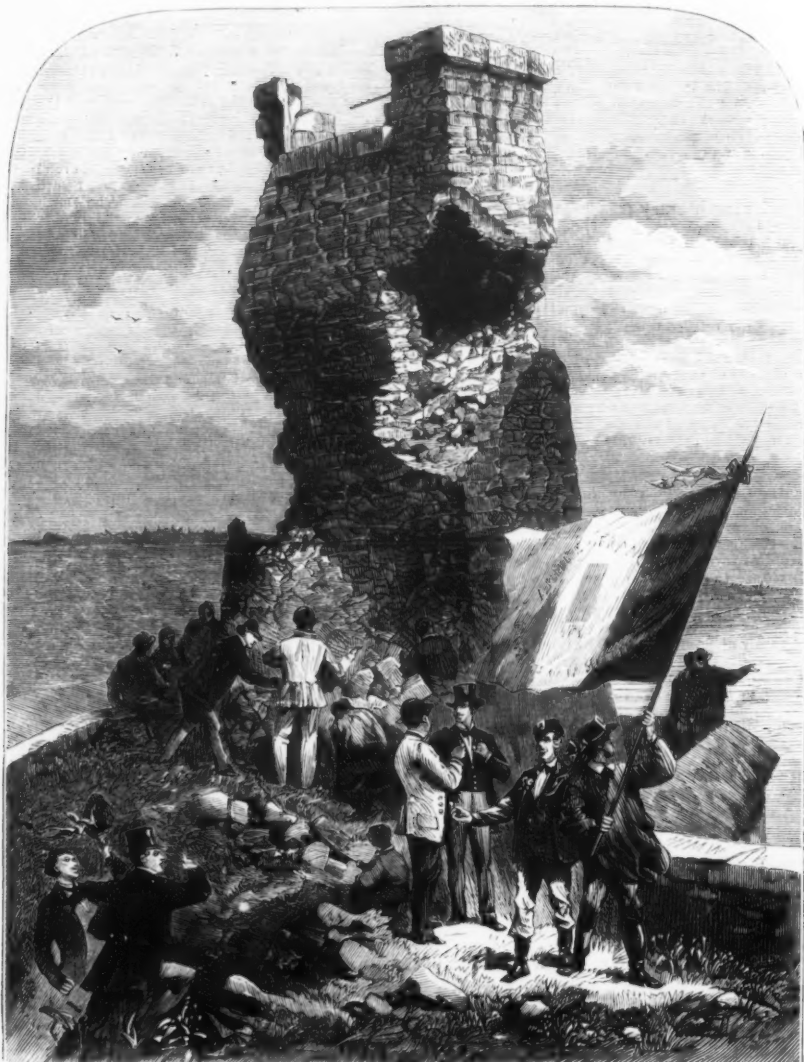
But whole wardrobes—filched from the Government—do not even begin to content the real Government thieves of this day.

The official records show such facts as these, selected at random from the Congressional records of 1872: The Hon. Mr. Frelinghuysen taxes the nation seven dollars and twenty-five cents for printing and engraving his visiting-cards. In the Senate, for whose newspapers \$8,750 were voted and appropriated, the members (under the law for "Commutation of Stationery," and the like) drew \$4,264 in cash. In the House, out of \$31,000 appropriated for a similar purpose, the members drew and pocketed greenbacks to the amount of \$22,000. Then there are charges for "baskets," "cologne," "sponges," "bay-rum," "cosmetics," "shaving-soaps and brushes," "powder-puff-boxes," "paste-brushes," "combs," "alcohol," "hat-brushes," "ice," "towels," "buckets," "porcelain dishes," "essential oils," "Lubin's powders," "English soap," "blacking," "nail-brushes," "horse-car tickets," "kitchen soap," "chamois-skins," "lemons," "Oolong tea," "granulated sugar," "stay-laces," "hartshorn," and "muriatic acid."

If not godly, our legislators are at least cleanly, for we find a charge for washing dirty Congressional linen, in the shape of 408 dozen towels, in the cold month of January, 1872. The item of 48 dozen stay-laces is quite suggestive of certain articles of female wearing apparel; for, can it be possible that our lawgivers have so deteriorated as to

THE artists engaged on FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER combined, and gave a *bal masque* at the Bijou Theatre, Sixteenth Street, on Tuesday, April the 15th, under the name and style of the "H H H H H H Masquerade"—which, being interpreted, means the hardest grade of pencil made, and used by draughtsmen on wood. The ball was opened by a procession of all the maskers, numbering one hundred and twenty-five. Every appropriate style of mask was impressed into the festival. The dancing then began, and was kept up until the hour of twelve, midnight, when the trumpet-blast gave the signal to unmask. Then, for the first time, was recognized, among others, the genial presence of Mr. Frank Leslie, who made a fine, artistic appearance in the rich costume of the Japanese Tycoon. Noticeable among the gay crowd were Mr. Leslie's sons, one of whom was comically costumed as a monkey, and the other as *Mr. Dore*, Buckstone's comedy of "Married Life." Also, John Hyde, in a picturesque Spanish costume; Matt Morgan looking like the veritable devil as Mephistopheles; Becker as a Bowery Jew on a Bender; Keppler in three distinct costumes, all artistic, the best of which was that of the King of Dahomey; Ben Day as a very odd Male Holly Varden; Gulick, as a Champagne Bottle, was in great demand. Several prominent and lovely ladies (to particularize whom would be invidious), and numbers of literary and professional men, helped to grace the scene. A splendid supper was served about 1 A.M., after which the dancing was resumed and kept up until daylight. The music was furnished from Niblo's Theatre, under the able leadership of Mr. Wiegarten. The ball was refined and enjoyable, composed as it was of beauty, and of men representative of the nation over, of letters and art. This was the first event of the kind; we hope that it may not be the last.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 123.



GERMANY.—CONSCRIPTS TAKING FRAGMENTS OF STONE AS SOUVENIRS OF THEIR NATIVE PLACE, BELFORT, ALSACE-LORRAINE.



ENGLAND.—H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES DISTRIBUTING PRIZES, AT THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON, TO THE STUDENTS OF THE FEMALE COLLEGE OF ART, QUEEN'S SQUARE, LONDON.



FRANCE.—THE FRENCH ARMY AT SATORY—DRILLING A SQUAD FOR PUNISHMENT.



SPAIN.—ANTECHAMBER OF THE REPUBLICAN MINISTER IN MADRID.



ENGLAND.—THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT-RACE—CHEERING THE VICTORS.



SPAIN.—REVIEW OF CARLIST VOLUNTEERS IN CATALONIA BY DON ALFONSO.

PROPOSED RAPID TRANSIT BETWEEN HOBOKEN AND JERSEY CITY HEIGHTS.

AMONG the many schemes now being carried out to secure rapid transit to the various parts of Hudson County, N. J., that which will prove the greatest convenience to the largest mass of population has just been commenced by the Hudson County Elevating Company. This Company was incorporated by the Legislature of New Jersey, March 17th 1870, "to erect elevators driven by steam or other power at the base of the Jersey City Heights or Palisades, at such points as said Company may select for the rapid elevation of cars, teams, passengers, etc." The first elevator is located at the foot of Ferry Street, formerly in Hudson City, but now a part of Jersey City. This point has been admirably selected, as it is in the direct path of the greatest number of teams, cars and passengers in the northern part of Hudson County.

The mechanism of the elevator was designed by Edwin L. Brady, civil engineer, of Jersey City. The lift of about 200 feet will be accomplished in one and a quarter minutes, by the application of steam-power connected with immense wire cables. In order to make accidents impossible, safety-idlers, moving on independent cylinders, are attached. A system of check-pawls is also attached to each of the eight iron columns, as additional safeguards, so that peril to life and limb is entirely obviated. The lifting-cars are constructed entirely of iron, with strong angle iron frameworks, all centring upon a huge ring-bolt at the top of the car, to which the wire cables are attached. All of the columns will be of iron, except the two upper sections, which will be of wood. Each column will be 24 inches in diameter, securely adjusted by iron truss braces, and keyed to the rocky sides of the cliff by substantial fastenings.

The utilization of surplus steam-power is provided for by the proposed erection of two large buildings at the base of the elevator, with apartments for various purposes, in which steam can be employed. Galleries will be added to the upper portion of the elevator, by which one of the most beautiful panoramic views of the Bay and City of New York, and their surroundings for twenty miles, will be attained.

Besides providing ample room for cars, teams and passengers, the capacity of the elevator admits of one hundred foot-passengers ascending at the same time.

The whole work will be completed before the 1st of July next. Thus an extremely rapid transit will be secured between Hoboken, east of the Palisades, and the Heights of Jersey City, West Hoboken, North Bergen, Bonville, etc. It will also bring nearer to New York the convenient city and beautiful country homes of Hudson County, N. J., by affording greater ease of access from Union Hill to the Erie Tunnel in connection with the passenger cars of the North Hudson County



THE LATE A. I. SUMNER, WHO WAS LOST IN THE "ATLANTIC."—PHOT. BY HUGO THIELE, DRESDEN.

Passenger Railroad, through Central, New York, Palisade and Oakland Avenues, to the Hoboken Ferries.

THE LATE ALBERT I. SUMNER, LOST IN THE "ATLANTIC."

MANY weeks must yet elapse ere the full, sad story of the *Atlantic* is narrated. Day after day brings distressing revelations of social and domestic bereavements.

In the loss of Albert I. Sumner, of Great Barrington, Mass., we have a striking illustration of this.

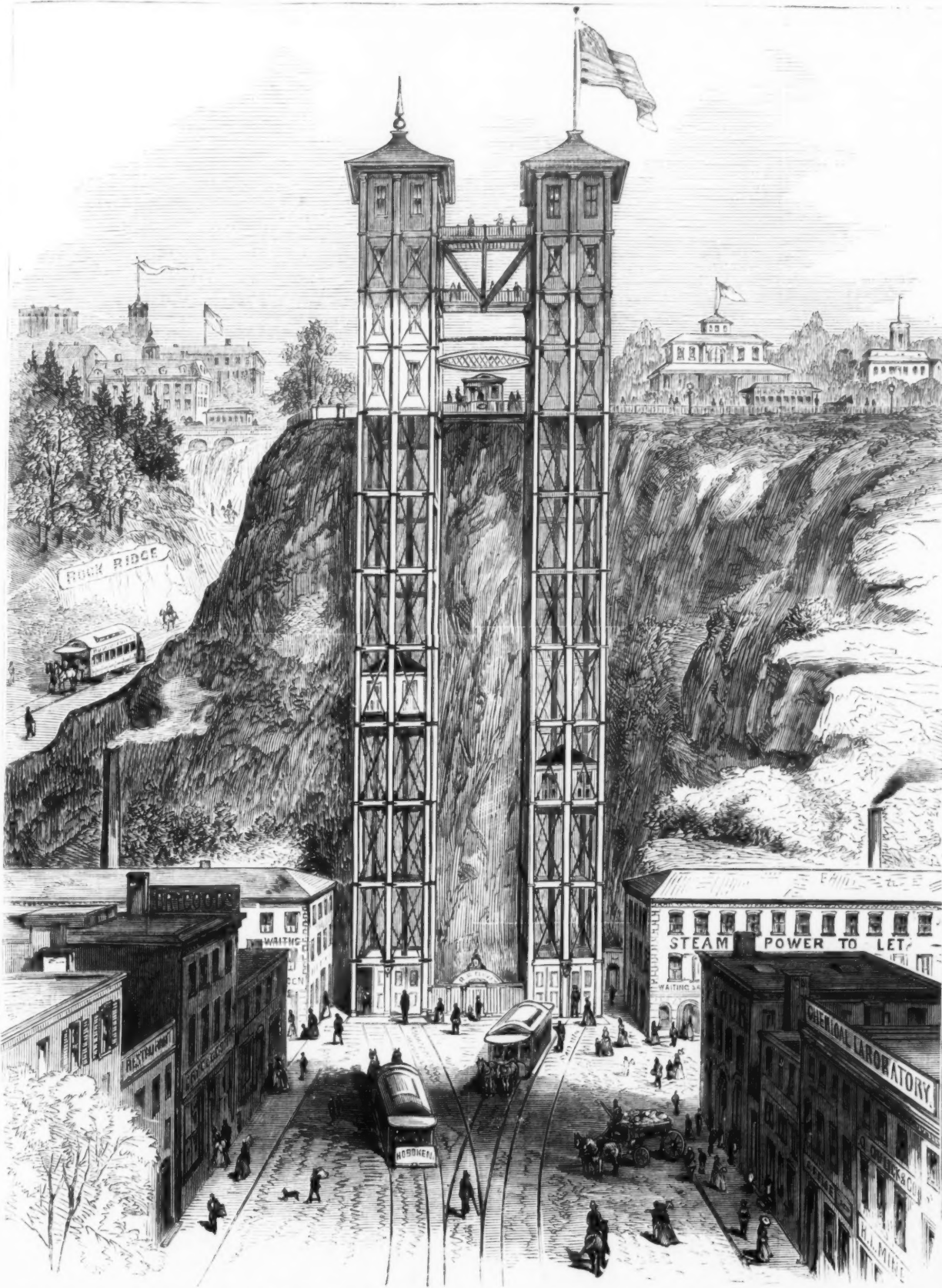
Deceased was the son of the late Hon. Increase Sumner. He gave remarkable promise, for one of his years, of future excellence as a musical performer and composer. He had officiated as organist in churches at Kinderhook and Owego, N. Y., and San Francisco, Cal.

Among his musical compositions, most of which have been published by Ditson & Co. Boston, are "Separation, a Pensive Reverie," "Enchantress Polka," "Irresistible Gallop," "Grand March to the Sunset Land," "Sympathetic March," and "Immortal." The last mentioned is dedicated to the memory of his father, and was performed at the formal opening of the Julia Sumner Hall, in Great Barrington, in 1871.

In addition to these, he was the author of several popular psalm tunes, the most prominent of which are "Ahwaga," "Maestoso," "Isbell," "Jubilate Deo," and "Come, ye Disconsolate." He also composed the words and music of the ballad, "I am Longing and Sighing for Thee."

Mr. Sumner had been, for two years, residing in Dresden, Germany, pursuing his musical studies, and was returning on the *Atlantic* to assume the duties of organist in St. John's Church, Bridgeport, Conn., where his brother, Colonel S. B. Sumner, resides. He leaves another brother, Hon. Charles A. Sumner, of San Francisco. Mrs. Platt, wife of Hon. T. C. Platt, M.C., of Owego, and George W. Sumner, Lieutenant-Commander, U.S.N., are cousins.

A short time previous to his departure from Dresden, he forwarded a photograph of himself to his friends, bearing the simple inscription, intended for an affectionate witticism, "Coming events cast their shadows before." Our engraving is from one of these *carte-de-visites*.



NEW JERSEY.—RAPID TRANSIT—THE CAR-ELEVATOR TO BE ERECTED AT THE FOOT OF FERRY STREET, IN HUDSON CITY.—FROM E. L. BRADY'S DRAWINGS, AND SKETCH BY R. E. CREASAY.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL FRED. GRANT.

WE present a portrait of Lieutenant-Colonel Fred. Grant, the President's eldest son, who graduated at West Point about two years ago, and afterward made a tour of Europe with Lieutenant-General Sherman. He has recently been appointed Lieutenant-Colonel, to act as Military Secretary to the Lieutenant-General, under the Act of July 25th, 1866.

This was somewhat of a jump in promotion, from second lieutenant to a high-grade field officer.

To accomplish this, however, a fine officer and a noble gentleman, Major Forsyth, of the Regulars, and a dashing volunteer cavalry commander, was retired.

It is strange that such a post should have been given to a mere boy, whose only service to the country was rendered at West Point, while old soldiers deem staff appointments of this character so valuable as to be satisfied to retain lower commissions in the line, in order to be eligible for such appointment. The General of the Army has now six aides on his staff, each drawing colonel's pay. Four of them are merely ornamental.

RAILWAY ACCIDENT NEAR RICHMOND SWITCH.

(Continued from page 117.)

fortunate man that, with his body partly out of a window, unable to get through, he screamed, wildly, "Oh, save me! I am burned to death!" He died before he could be rescued.

The Shore Line mail train, which was closely following, fortunately saw the wrecked train's signal, and avoided a repetition of the horror. It was backed to Westley for supplies and medical assistance, which arrived soon after. Facilities for the care of the wounded were meager, there being only a few houses in sight. Everything possible, however, was done for their comfort.

Immediately on the arrival of the relief-party, the most vigorous efforts were made to recover the bodies of the dead; and by nine o'clock seven bodies were obtained, including the following:

Engineer William Guild, of Providence.
Fireman George Eldridge.

Albert F. Allen, of Eddy Street, Providence.
Jerry Creamer, of Boston.
John Callahan of New York.

The bodies of the other victims were burned beyond recognition, and the firemen and engineer were so charred that they were recognized only by the positions they occupied on the engine, and portions of their dress. The following is a partial list of the wounded:

Thomas Nolan, of Boston, baggage-master, thigh fractured.

E. Murrigan, of Boston, three ribs broken.

Joseph Phillips, sailor, of Boston, bruised.

John Carter, of Boston, badly bruised.

John Hollingsworth, of Boston, bruised.

Miss Lizzie Evans, of New York, right ankle fractured.

J. J. D. Eldridge, of New York, bruised.

William Finley, of Boston, badly bruised.

Dennis Bohan, of New York, injury of the wrist.

Dennis Heffernan, of Ireland, collar-bone broken.

James Donovan, of Ireland, slight contusions and some burns.

Patrick Williams, of New York, slight bruises.

Henry Steine, of New York, injured in the back.

Mary Bohan, of Ireland, leg fractured and injured internally.

Norah Bohan, daughter of the above, skull fractured, probably fatal.

Patrick Burns, leg fractured.

Frank Johnson, face bruised.

Joseph Olmstead, of Providence, rib fractured.

James Freeman, of New York, slight flesh wound.

The following statement, made by the conductor, tells the story graphically:

"We left Stonington Junction at a quarter past three, the mail to follow in about ten minutes. I went through the train and picked up the tickets, then went back to the smoking-car to get torpedoes for signal for mail train. Just then the awful crash came. I jumped from the train, seized a signal lantern, and ran back to stop the mail train; hurried back to find the train all on fire and rapidly being consumed, and people rushing out. I got an ax to cut away the side of one of the cars where a man was lying inside crushed badly, but was driven away by the flames, and the poor fellow was burned to death. On crossing the river I saw that the reservoir dam was carried away, bringing with it a carriage bridge which had been swept down with the current, carrying off the tracks and washing away the abutments, leaving a gap about forty feet wide, which awful chasm the engine leaped, striking the opposite side, where a rail pierced the boiler its entire



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL FRED. GRANT.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

length. The tender was thrown on top of the engine, and both engineer and fireman were instantly killed, and their bodies were burned. Our train consisted of three long flats of crates, one second-class passenger-car, three first-class passenger-cars, and smoking-car in the rear. Five went entirely into the gap and one partially. The two rear cars remained on the track, and were uninjured. The surviving passengers rendered every assistance in their power. Out of one hundred and five passengers, I can account for but forty-two people who have been rescued dead or alive from the wreck. A great proportion of the missing ones were probably washed out toward tidewater or lie drowned at the bottom of the creek. Some of them, perhaps, may have been cared for in the few dwellings which are scattered about this dismal locality, but that number must be easily counted."

Our illustration shows the cars in the chasm; the people struggling in the flames and water; the bridge in course of reconstruction, and the search after the bodies. Local interest in the terrible affair was evinced by the crowds and vehicles at the scene. In fact, people came from miles around to aid in the search, or out of curiosity.

The following telegrams are from the conductor of the wrecked train and the Vice-President of the Stonington Line:

KINGSTON, April 19th, 1873.

A. A. FOLSON, Superintendent of the Boston and Providence Railroad—Ben Smith, the ticket agent, is all right. Train all burned but the smoking-car and one other car. About 15 or 20 persons were burned to death. Quite a number are wounded.

O. S. GARDNER, Conductor.

STONINGTON, Conn., April 19th.—I have just returned from the scene of the disaster. So far only five passengers and two employes have been found killed. The cause of the accident is very plain. The dam, 150 yards above the bridge, gave way, and precipitated a pile of lumber against the abutments of the bridge, which formed another dam, and the overflow undermined the abutments. The bridge was only twenty feet span. The wounded, mostly emigrants, have been sent to the hospital in Providence. The engineer died at his post, with his hand on the throttle-valve. There will be no further interruption of travel.

D. S. BARCOCK.

A MYSTERIOUS ACQUAINTANCE.

BY RICHARD B. KIMBALL,

AUTHOR OF "ST. LEGER," ETC., ETC.

HE was a peculiar-looking person, not more than thirty, I should say, with a face full of points; rather tall, with an easy, shambling gait; scarcely well dressed; hardly a gentleman, and if not a gentleman—what? When I say "a face full of points," I do not mean intellectual points, reflective points, vicious points, in fact, any ordinary or extraordinary points, but rather a face full of possibilities. Was he an actor, an artist, an eccentric man of letters? After considerable scrutiny, I decided "No." Was he a professional of any kind? Since nowadays the professions are so varied, I said, after much hesitation, "Yes, a professional." The decision availed little. Meanwhile the man's presence had a fascination for me. As I occasionally met his small blue-gray eye, suspicions of his being a detective were indulged in; but he lacked the hard expression and the secretive air acquired by that odious yet necessary member of society.

This was a few years ago, on the long colonnade of Congress Hall, in Saratoga. My man would take a position favorable for seeing the world which surged to and fro, and there he would sit nearly all the morning, nearly all the afternoon, not talking with anybody, doing literally nothing, except in the way of observation. I did not once see him speaking with a human being. It was all the same to him, I am sure, for he wore perpetually that easy, vagabondish look. I resolved to scrape acquaintance with him.

Taking advantage of a vacant seat next him, I sat down.

"A fine day?"

It was with this original observation I commenced the attack. He actually turned and looked me full in the face, as much as to say, "Who the deuce are you, and what object can you have in speaking to me?" A pleasant look, nevertheless, though not unmixed with suspicion. After he had satisfied himself apparently, he replied, "Very." The answer certainly was not provocative of further conversation; still it was not spoken in a sharp, cut-off tone, but dropped from his lips in an acquiescing, amiable way, as if there was a congenial subject on which we could exchange confidences.

"Do you know," I said, "that, of all the people I have seen here, you appear to be most enjoying yourself."

"How is that?"

He uttered "How is that?" in the easiest, most companionable tone imaginable, as if we were old friends about to enjoy a snug, cozy chat.

"Why, you seem to take things philosophically, and to make of Saratoga, what in reality it should be, a place to rest and recreate in."

"Well, you have hit my case, that's a fact—it is rest that I am after! though I don't care much for the recreation."

"You don't look overworked."

"Don't! That is strange. It is owing to my native vigor, I guess. Perhaps you won't believe me if I tell you I am the hardest-worked man in New York city—more than that, the most imposed-on individual in that little village—the very most."

"I am sorry to hear it. I confess I can't find the least trace of what you complain of in your countenance. By-the-way," I continued, "your face is very familiar to me. Where have I seen you?"

My companion's manner suddenly changed. He looked at me in a curious and prying, not to say offensive, way.

"No, it isn't so," he presently ejaculated, by way of soliloquy. "We never got acquainted—am downright sure."

"I did not intimate that we had," I replied, tartly. "I said your face was familiar."

"Oh, that may be—that may be; easy enough, if you belong to New York. I am around, you may be certain of that."

"How as to your being so much imposed upon?"

"I could not explain unless I told you my business, and I sink the shop when I leave home. Don't I enjoy it here!"—he stretched his legs at full length, and they were very long. "Nothing to bother me; no care, no responsibility."

"And no one to impose on you," I put in.

He laughed. "You are curious to find out who I am. I saw that plain enough yesterday. You took my bearings all sorts of ways. You can't guess now."

"No, I give it up."

"Well, I may call myself a philosopher. My life is spent in studies of human nature—that makes a philosopher, doesn't it?"

I assented, and he went on.

"My father intended me for a lawyer, but it was too narrow business—too little scope for real genius—not excitement enough. In fact, I invented my

present occupation—not to say 'invented,' exactly, but I struck out a new path, a new mode of treatment, based on truly humane principles. Not but what I can be severe if necessary, yet it seldom is necessary. New and varied acquaintances, the intimate ramifications of society, the mysteries of this mundane life, the weaknesses and foibles of human-kind, all pass in review before me—philosophically interesting—in short, sir, interesting in every way!"

This was delivered in a highly rhetorical tone and manner, and with such a gleam of those blue-gray eyes, that for a moment I doubted my companion's sanity.

"But you have not told me what the occupation is," I interposed.

"It is difficult to comprehend and embrace it by any known appellation. To tell you in one word would be impossible; I should have to enter largely into the subject."

"Just what would most interest me?"

"Do you understand," continued he, grandiloquently, "the antagonism between buyer and seller, employer and employed, first man, middle man and public?"

"Something of this I have paid attention to."

"Well, you are also familiar with the credit system?"

He brought one of his little twinkling orbs to bear on me in a manner so delicately insinuating, that I could positively feel myself changing color. I nodded.

"The credit system, sir—the greatest blessing of civilization, and the most abused of all our blessings. Have you ever considered, sir, of the millions on millions of individuals on this globe who are benefited, I may say vivified, by it? Do you know to what it is constantly subject? Did it ever occur to you that to be in such case the medium between persons holding opposite relations is one of the noblest missions of humanity? And yet," he added, with an entire change of voice, and in a tone exceedingly pathetic, "how wearisome, how never-ending the toil!"

"In other words," I said, beginning to be weary of his circumlocution, "you are—"

"A collector! There!" he exclaimed, "I see you are disappointed. I knew you would be so. (It was impossible for me not to show it at such an impotent conclusion.) But hold on. I told you no one word would define what I meant, and I have got to go into the subject with you."

I signified my wish for him to proceed.

"Yes, you may call me a collector. Understand I treat the business on the highest grounds of psychology, humanity, and animal magnetism. I shall explain. I have for my constituents doctors and dentists, retail merchants of every sort, first-class mechanics, and so on, and so on. Lawyers and clergymen have little occasion for my services; but undertakers—fashionable undertakers—frequently call in my assistance. Imagine me with hundreds of these bills in hand, ranging from ten dollars to a thousand dollars. I don't refuse the very smallest. These bills are against persons of all grades of respectability. Often, when put in my hand, they are accompanied by a suggestion which the principal thinks he ought to make, but which he does not expect will influence me much—nor does it. For example, he will say, 'I want you to collect one hundred and three dollars from Jones. You must be sure to treat him with courtesy and not wound his feelings—he is a gentleman.' Now, if I find Jones to be really a gentleman, as is often the case, I have no difficulty. Perhaps he will tell me he can't pay at present, and will explain why. The explanation may all be manufactured out of whole cloth to save his pride; but I accept his statement of inability, and I sympathize with all my magnetism with his excuse, and ask him to fix his own time, when I shall call for the money. He dislikes to fix too distant a day, but he postpones, say, for three weeks. I accept the date with alacrity. I produce my memorandum-book. 'Let me see—that will bring it to Thursday, June 4th. Am very much obliged to you, Mr. Jones. I will call on that day; and I look at him courteously, but with a full magnetic current, by which I am brought into a peculiar relation with that man, and he feels I mean business."

"Does he pay on the day?"

"Not always. Perhaps he will give me a part, and manufactures another excuse—poor fellows! why will they lie so?—or, he may really be obliged to put me off again for the whole—recollect, I am talking of a gentleman, and no mistake; then I bring a stronger current to bear, but always the same polite 'your humble servant,' and the next fetches it. Why, such a man feels as much relieved when he pays one of my bills as a criminal does at a verdict of not guilty. Can't explain it myself—magnetism—all magnetism!"

"You have given me, I should judge, a very gentle example. You have much harder cases?"

"I should say so! I was about to tell you. After seeing my people once—I call them my people, for I take an affectionate interest in them all—after seeing them once, I classify right off—know just how to deal with each type, just exactly."

"You have many divisions?"

"A good many—reduce down to as few as possible. Besides the type I have just mentioned, is the good-natured, careless fellow, able to pay, not quite ready, because he won't take the trouble to raise the money. These are difficult cases—very hard to bring them into magnetic relations with me. I present the bill. 'Thunder! isn't that paid? I thought to have been paid long ago! No money to-day—not a stiver; too bad, isn't it?' 'When shall I call again?' I ask. 'When call again?'—bless me! whenever you like; always glad to see you. Take a cigar?' Of course, I never smoke. If I take a cigar or a drink, it is all up with the magnetism."

"How do you answer him?"

"I look serious, very serious indeed, but am excessively polite. I plead that I have infinite running about to do which precludes my calling for the pleasure of the thing. Still the bill was handed me to collect, and if he will name a day for payment I will certainly be on hand. If I can get his sober attention I am all right, but the chances are he will chaff me two or three times, and, as he is a good fellow, my perseverance is rewarded at last."

"Thus far I don't see the dark side of the picture."

"Will come to it presently. I must get on methodically. You must bear in mind, I have often a double trial. A physician sends for me—he is desperately hard up. 'Take these accounts,' he says—'recollect, money I must have.' I go ahead. The first person I call on lies in a passion. 'It is not possible! I can't believe it! I don't believe it! Why, I sent the doctor fifty dollars last week, with word he must wait another month for the balance; he sent answer it was all right, and now he has put it in the hands of a collector—perfectly shameful, considering the amount of money I have paid him.' I try to explain. I talk of a sudden loss, of I don't know what else, but the man has got me down on magnetism, and he keeps me down. He defies the doctor, and looks at me as if I were a swindler. He will pay it in a month, and no sooner, just as agreed on—wouldn't pay sooner if he had the cash in his pocket. I get out of the house the easiest way possible. I have made no mistake, but

the doctor has. I report to him. He at once blows me up for being too pressing; too professional; for not managing better, anyhow. I accept the talk; it doesn't mean anything. I know that, but it isn't pleasant—no, it isn't pleasant. The chances are, the doctor will write to his patient, tell him a direct falsehood, how the account got by accident into my hands, that I acted without orders; hoping the matter will be overlooked. Poor man, to tell such a lie just for nothing—how humiliating! Others go further. I had a bill for nine hundred dollars against—well, a very pretty, fashionable woman. It was for all sorts of fancy goods. The merchant thought the people were getting shaky. 'We must look very sharp,' he said, 'or we shall lose this.' I had no idea of losing it. I called in the morning, about ten; my lady had not been to breakfast. I called at one, she was engaged; at six, she was at dinner; later in the evening, she was at the opera. By dint of extraordinary perseverance I succeeded, through the servant, in getting her to name an hour when she would be at home. She was at home, but dressed for a drive, and could not stop a minute to see me. She was impatient, very. I always call that a good sign, just as getting angry is a good sign. 'Who sent me?' she wanted to know that. 'No one sends me, madame,' I said; 'it is my own business I am conducting, which is that of collecting bills which are considered a little doubtful or difficult.' 'Doubtful! do you call a bill against me doubtful?' 'With entire respect, I must say I do.' She rushed in the carriage in a rage, and was off. The next day she called at my client's store and paid up every cent! My man was so much influenced by her statement of my conduct, coupled with the possession of the money, that he took me severely to task for doing my duty, although those folks failed in thirty days from that time. My feelings were very much hurt, but I could afford to pity the man. I pity all who prevaricate and lie, and he did both."

The collector drew a long breath, and continued:

"Next come the unfortunates who are so hard-pressed they really can't pay, but they are ashamed to own it. Why, if folks would come right out, honor bright, and say, 'We can't do it, there's no use talking,' I would wait a whole year; but they say 'next week,' and 'next month,' and 'in a fortnight,' and 'very soon indeed, probably Thursday.' Now, I always keep an appointment, and if you could hear how, time after time, running through a year or two years, new excuses are fabricated for each occasion, you wouldn't wonder at my pity for these poor, wretched, degraded souls."

"But I should think, understanding their situation, you would let them know it kindly, and save yourself so much running."

"That is not my occupation. My occupation is to collect the money, and I expect to run after it. Yes, nobody runs like me; morning, noon, and into the night. But I don't mind that."

"You have said nothing of those who impose on you."

"Ah, it is only when my people undertake to impose on me that my genius rises to the occasion. I once had a bill against a club-man—only fifteen dollars. You would know him if I mentioned his name. He never pays anything—belongs to two first-class clubs. I followed him from one to the other; he would make appointments as often as I liked, but never kept them—was of the pompous sort. One day he would be going to receive a check; another day he would show it to me; it was to be cashed in the morning, and I should be paid. Then he would go to Washington, and no one knows where. I lost his track once for three months. At last I caught him at the Club. He looked very lofty. 'Thomas,' said he to the waiter, 'change this bill for me.' The waiter took it, and presently returned. It was too large. 'You see how it is,' said the magnet; 'if the boy could change the note, I would give you my money. You will have to call again.' 'How large is it?' I asked. 'A hundred dollars,' said he. 'I can change it for you,' (you see, the big bill dodge is not uncommon, and I go provided); so I took the hundred dollars, counted him out eighty-five, handed him his receipt, and came away—a great triumph, a very great triumph. Poor man, I pity him very much; think how hard he must try to be a rogue, poor fellow!"

"You fail sometimes, I suppose?"

"I can't say I fail. I never undertake a 'dead beat'—that is, if I know it—never. I don't claim to be able to magnetize a corpse. Sometimes I encounter one without knowing it. It doesn't take me long to find it out. Then I punish him, always with a view to his good."

"How?"

"Sometimes in one way, sometimes in another. A poor man gave me an account for twenty dollars to collect against a young fellow in a first-class jobbing house. I found he was a 'dead beat'; he would make appointments for every day in the year, and when you came, coolly tell you he had no money. It was in July; the weather awful hot. One day the fellow said, 'Call Friday, and I will make a payment.' On Friday I called; he was in the lower basement, packing goods. 'No money to-day; that was all he said. Two or three of his fellow-clerks were helping him. I took off my coat and began to preach to him. I can preach when I try. I went into the detail of my client's situation, the nature of the debt, the conduct of the debtor, his manner of life, his probable end. I soon discovered I had the attention of my audience—the chap himself began to slacken in his work. At last he said: 'Mister, if you will stop where you are I will pay you five dollars down and give you my word of honor I will pay you five dollars a week till the whole is paid.' 'Done,' I said. He handed over the V, and I came away."

"Did he pay the rest?"

"Not he. The next week the bird had flown, and I never saw him again. But I administered punishment righteously. Poor wretch, my heart bleeds for him. What a life to lead!"

"And do you never resort to harsh measures?" I asked, after a pause.

"Such as what?" demanded my companion.

"Legal prosecution, for instance."

He laughed at what he seemed to think was a very verdant suggestion.

"You do not suppose," he continued, complacently, "that where my magnetism fails there is any chance for law?"

I did not know. "There are other means," I remarked, "which I have heard of. There are collectors, I am told, who make themselves personally offensive in dress and appearance, so as to be as annoying as possible."

"You are right; but that sort of thing is pretty much played out. These are low fellows, a disgrace to an artistic profession. Why, I knew one of these vagabonds, who had an old covered wagon plastered with common advertisements and bills, and a raw-boned horse. He went round collecting. The establishment was so conspicuous that everybody knew what it was. This chap would drive before the door of the person who owed a bill, and there he would sit for an hour or two, so everybody would say, 'Look there; he is after Thompson.' The fellow came to grief. He drew up to a house in Lexington Avenue; went in and asked payment of an account. The party hadn't the money. The other went out, took a seat in his covered cart, and

there remained. The party in the house seeing this, told him to drive on. He declined to do so. The party, who was a strong, stalwart man, dragged the fellow to the sidewalk and thrashed him soundly. It stopped his business, and it served him right, I say. He was a disgrace to the profession. No, sir; no. Nothing but magnetism and moral suasion. Appeal to the conscience which is alive in the bosom of every one of God's creation, except in that of the 'dead beat,' who is a moral corpse. Appeal, I say, to the conscience, and bring your magnetism to bear. Very hard work, though—very hard work, indeed. It requires a deal of running; a wearisome work. I sometimes fear it will wear me out."

"Do you never think of retiring?"

"To be sure I do. I have a higher aim still before me, though I consider my profession one of the noblest, most refined, and intellectual. But the world should know more about it. Yes, I am preparing to retire. I have accumulated vast stores of facts, incidents, circumstances in psychology, religion, domestic polity, and general morality, which the world should have the benefit of. I propose to become an Author! I have material for at least twenty novels of five hundred pages each. You just look out for them. I have dug to the bottom. I shall create a revolution in works of fiction."

I did not specially relish the turn the conversation was taking, so I thought I would bring him back to his subject.

"I think you said you never practice your profession away from home."

"Never, sir," said the collector, sternly. "It is curious, though, to see what a fluttering there is among some of the ladies when I pass. They look like frightened partridges—poor little dears. They need not be afraid of me."

"Magnetism, I suppose."

"Yes, that's it."

"And the men?"

"It wouldn't do to meddle with them here. No conscience, no moral sense, no chance for the electric fluid to operate at Saratoga!"

An acquaintance here came up to remind me of an appointment. The collector seemed loth to part with me. On my side it was a great relief to be clear of him. I was beginning to nurse the idea that he had an unsettled account against me in his pocket. The fresh air of the street and two or three glasses of Congress-water happily dispelled the illusion.

THE CHURCH OF ATONEMENT.

BY EDWARD GREY.

STANDING, as I first saw it, in a builder's wilderness of chaotic remains, it seemed as much out of place in the quiet village of White Eyrie as a member of the *beau monde* at a Dorcas meeting.

"Surely," I mused, "a plain brick edifice, one quarter the size of this grand pile, would have been more appropriate!" and, turning from the pretentious substitute for our old vine-clad meeting-house, I beheld my father's residence, beyond which, perched up half-way toward the summit of the Eyrie, I could just distinguish the dwelling of one about whom I had been dreaming all through the long years of my absence.

How perverse is human nature—eager to grasp its aims while they are mere ideas, yet often seemingly indifferent when the consummation is at hand. For ten years had I cherished the memory of one blissful moment, yet, as it were, upon the threshold of my Mecca I lingered.

Was not the sudden change attributable to the sight of that new church, so painfully incongruous with the simplicity of my native village, and telling of change where, of all other places, I had hoped to find conservatism? These thoughts sent a chill through my heart, and caused me to pause, even when the goal was in view.

Changed, and why not? Two hundred years ago, when Abel White, the founder of the settlement, fled from his native land, in order "to be free from the pomps and vanities of a distasteful faith," he little imagined that his bones would some day rest within the precincts of a building adorned with towering spire, chime of bells, and stained glass windows; yet now "the shadow of the cross" fell upon the old Puritan's grave. Could anything be more startling than that?

Walking slowly in the direction of my father's house, my thoughts fled back to the time when, having received my parents' blessing, I sought the presence of my ideal. We were not betrothed, but I felt that I loved her, and that parting from her would be the hardest trial I had yet to encounter. My brother was waiting, with our wagon, at the end of the street, and I was cautioned "not to be long, as mother would break her heart if she knew that any one else had the last kiss."

Upon any other occasion I should have boldly entered May's house, but then I hesitated, until her mother inquired what I wanted.

"I've come to bid your daughter 'good-by,' Mrs. Sumner!"

"I'll say it for you, Joe," she curtly replied, continuing her domestic occupation, and treating me just as though I were only going as far as York.

Flushed with resentment at what I considered her cruelty, I was about to say "that I must see her daughter," when I beheld May, standing in the doorway leading to the parlor, motioning me to go round to the extension. In an instant my bitterness vanished, and, bidding her mother adieu, I hurried to the back of the house.

The extension-door was partly open, and giving it a gentle push, I beheld May, blushing, and trembling with fear, yet evidently determined to follow the dictates of her heart.

"Come in, Joe!" she whispered.

"I've come to say good-by, dear May," I said; and then I hesitated, for I dared not continue, fearing to break down.

"Good-by, Joe," she hurriedly replied, proffering both her hands in a half-timid fashion, and choking down a sob that went straight to my heart. "God bless you, my dear!"

I drew her toward me—our lips met—one tender, trembling kiss—and she was gone.

A faint sobbing in the distance alone convinced me that it had not been all a dream.

When I reached my destination I wrote to May, telling her all I meant to have said at parting, but, to my astonishment, received the following reply:

"Miss Sumner sends her compliments to Mr. Joseph —, and begs that he will not again attempt to communicate with her, as she has no desire to continue his acquaintance."

Knowing this to be from her mother, I did not give it much heed, never believing it possible that May would cease to love me, and, thinking to return "next year," lived upon the remembrance of that loving kiss, and idealized a passion which is now a sacred memory.

Strangely enough, my sisters would never tell me anything about May, so after a while I ceased to trouble them.

Year succeeded year, something always occurring

to prevent my leaving China, but now all that was over, and I should soon see my idol and learn my fate.

But that church—I knew not why—appeared, in some indefinite manner, to be connected with a dread about my love, and to blot everything else from my memory. Even as I neared my father's house, and every well-remembered object seemed meekly bidding me welcome, the church still interposed its glaring newness, and filled my mind with painful emotions.

Conquering an almost irresistible desire to first visit May, I moved noiselessly up the path leading to our old homestead, and soon stood beneath its porch. Glancing into the room, I beheld a sight that somewhat puzzled me.

Upon a low stool, in the centre of the group, sat a wild-looking creature, clad in a curious medley of cast-off garments. At first I could scarcely make out whether the object were a dwarfed old woman or an overgrown baby, but finally concluded that she was some wild gypsy-bird they had caught with a bait of food, who only wanted to fly away and be permitted to devour her bread-and-butter prize after her own fashion. She was kicking her feet about in a very defiant manner, yet listening, in a sideways fashion, to my younger sister, Mercy, who was addressing her in a most severe and unsympathetic voice.

"I want you to come to Sabbath-school! Do you know where you will go to if you don't mend your ways?"

The child glanced fiercely up from beneath the tangled masses of beautiful, fair hair that adorned her expressive features, and replied:

"No! and I don't care much!"

Her face so painfully reminded me of my love's, that I uttered a cry of recognition, and in another instant was surrounded by my dear ones; while the child, after looking steadfastly at me for a few seconds, quietly escaped from the room.

When we had somewhat recovered from the first emotions of our meeting, I inquired of Mercy who the child was? Instead of answering me, my sister left the apartment, while my father looked troubled and sighed.

"What does it all mean?" I demanded.

"Why, that's May Sumner's child!" replied my parent, after a long pause.

"May Sumner's?" I echoed, my heart beating almost audibly. "May's? Whom did she marry?"

"There's the difficulty!" slowly answered my father. "She always said that she was Abel White's wife, and your poor mother stood up for her!"

"God bless her!" I murmured.

"But," continued my father, "the Church sided with Abel, and then May died; but we gave her Christian burial!"

"What?" I faltered, a sudden pain as it were contracting my heart. "May—dead? Of course you gave her Christian burial, poor darling!"

"Not of course, my son! The deacons were opposed to it all through, and but for me she would have been buried by the roadside! She was not in connection with the Church, and had fallen from grace—even I felt some hesitation in countenancing her!"

I looked at my father in pained astonishment. Could the deadening routine and narrow-minded influences of village life have so changed his nature? Could he really believe that He who died for men would condemn an erring woman because she was not in full connection with His Church on earth? Alas for the rarity of Christian charity, that the Living Waters of Life should thus be crystallized into intolerance—that modern Juggernaut, which first numbs and then crushes its victims.

"So you took upon yourselves to judge her, did you?" I reproachfully exclaimed; "and none of you have put forth a hand to save her child?"

"I could do nothing, my son!" sternly replied my parent, "and neither Mercy nor Hannah would even look at her after mother died!"

"Because she was a woman!" I bitterly observed. "No, my poor boy—because she was an erring woman, who would not confess her sins."

"She had none to confess," I rejoined.

Sorrowing for my sisters' want of charity, and bowed down with grief for the sad fate of my lost love, I left my father's house and proceeded toward that of Mrs. Sumner.

Arrived at the well-known threshold, I again beheld the child—her child, and then knew why I had felt so much interest in the baby. As the lovely eyes were upturned to mine, I saw the face of my dead love, changed by neglect, want and suffering, yet so terribly like my May.

"Here he is," she cried, "here's Joe. I heard Miss Mercy call him so."

"Where is your grandmother, dear?" I said.

"Grandman's gone to heaven!" replied the child, as though repeating a lesson; "here he is, grandfather."

"So you've come at last," said a decrepit old man, in whom I remembered May's grandfather. "I've longed to see thee, lad."

The house, once so prim and neat, was in the last stage of decay, and I shuddered when I thought of her child having lived among such surroundings.

Fumbling at the lock of a drawer, he at length contrived to turn the key, and taking out a letter, handed it to me, saying:

"They was mighty hard on May's mother, they was, and she was nigh broken-hearted when she died. Her last words was, 'Give this to my Joe, who loved me!'"

"Where is that scoundrel, her husband?" I inquired, as I reverentially received the package.

"He died in foreign parts," said the old man, "and his mother built that church to cover his sins in the eyes of the world!"

Strangely enough, the full meaning of these words did not then occur to me.

After informing the old man that I would soon return, I left the house and ascended the Eyrie. Seating myself upon a stone, where May and I had often sat when children, I drew forth the letter. It was dated three years before, and its contents were as follows:

"MY DEAR JOE—I waited five years for you, believing that you loved me, though you never sent me a word to say that I was not forgotten. Then Abel White came home from college, and nothing would please mother but that I should marry him, because we were so poor. We went to New York when I married him, on the 1st of May, 18—, but instead of taking me back to White Eyrie, we went South, where mother died. When I lost her, Abel wanted to make out that we were not man and wife; but, finding that I would not shame my child, he left me and went abroad. When I returned home I found every one against me, for all believed Abel's story! And, oh, the women folks were so cruel. Now, I am dying of a broken heart!"

"While I was with my husband I tried to forget you, as well as I could, but after he so cruelly abandoned me, and all the world believed that I was bad, I seemed to have nothing left but your love. The kiss you gave me when we parted was so different from any Abel ever gave me, that I have come to believe that you have never changed, and that I am every day drawing nearer to you. I think it no sin to confess my pure love for you now,

and to ask you, for my sake, to be good to little May, and to try and clear the stain from her name. God bless you, dear, and may you sometimes think of your unfortunate friend,
MAY WHITE."

As I read this, the church in the valley seemed to rise before my blurred vision, and I understood the full meaning of the old man's words:

"His mother built that church to cover his sins in the eyes of the world!"

"Don't you hate the sight of it?" hissed little May, who, unknown to me, had witnessed my emotion. "Grandfather says that he is in hell!" she continued, nestling close to me. "I hate him, and that thing!" pointing toward the new building.

Placing my arm about her, I told her that her mother had written me to say that her little girl would love me, and would try and be good, so that some day she would join her in heaven. As I said this, the setting sun threw its last rays across the plain; and May, pointing to a golden rift in the clouds, gravely demanded:

"Is heaven there?"

Wishing to touch her heart, and develop better thoughts within her, I bowed assent. The sad face was turned partly toward the glorious vision until the last ray of light faded from the horizon; then May took my hand and whispered:

"I love you, Joe!"

Silently we retraced our steps, and from that time May became my adopted daughter. At first, she was only gentle and loving with me, but after a while, when her grandfather died, all her defiance vanished; though, even when she became quite like other children of her age, nothing would induce her to enter the church.

When I adopted May, I called upon Mrs. White, her grandmother, and endeavored to induce her to acknowledge the child; but the grief-stricken old lady would not hear a word against her son, saying:

"Bring me proofs of her marriage, and I will acknowledge her daughter as my son's child; until then the Church of Atonement will be in his memory alone."

Although my sisters went to the new edifice, which in the course of time became ivy-clad and beautiful in its surroundings, I never worshipped there, but, with May, attended service at a little church in East Eyrie.

We seldom referred to the painful past, although as the child grew up she learnt, from others, all the particulars of her mother's sad fate. As I had, unsuccessfully, searched the records of nearly every church in New York city, I had long ago given up all hope of establishing the validity of her parents' marriage, when one afternoon Mrs. White sent for me, desiring me to come to her at once, and bring May with me. We found the old lady in her parlor, in company with the new clergyman and a lawyer. She was pale, and evidently deeply grieved. Upon beholding May, she said:

"Come hither, my daughter!"

May looked at me with something of the old defiant manner, and was about to speak, when I led her to her grandmother, who, taking her hand, said:

"May, your mother was my son's wife! I know all now; but, dearly as I loved him, must not condone his sin by keeping the truth from the world, though he was my dear son, and, with all his faults, was always good to me! Let me try and repair the past, and leave his sins to a merciful Saviour. May, be my child!"

This was said so earnestly, that May placed her arms about her newly found relative, and kissed her; then, in a broken voice, replied:

"I am so happy! Oh, my poor mother!"

I left them together, and returned with the minister and lawyer. When we were out of hearing, the latter informed me that Mrs. White had made May her heiress, while the former told me how the proofs of the marriage came to light.

"Yesterday I dined with Mrs. White," said the clergyman, "and while commenting upon the name of the village, casually observed that, until I came to live here, I had only once before heard of its existence, and that was upon the occasion of my performing the marriage ceremony between one Abel White and May Sumner; laughingly adding, 'I suppose the gentleman was some sort of connection of yours!' This led to an explanation, and, luckily, having the register of the church—which no longer exists—I was enabled to convince the lady of the wrong she had unconsciously been doing to the memory of a son's wife!"

May continued to reside with me, although fully reconciled to her aged relative, who did everything a loving nature could suggest to repair the wrongs of the past. Ere the trees put on their Spring livery, the body of May's mother was removed from its humble grave, and buried in the chancel of the Church of Atonement, where a memorial window, bearing a record of her name and virtues, threw its subdued light upon her tomb.

The artist had entered into the spirit of his work, and represented a company of angels descending to earth, as if to welcome a weary soul to heaven.

May loved to sit by her mother's tomb, and would spend hours in silent contemplation of the pictured angels.

"It is the rift in the clouds," she would say; "and they are looking down, and beckoning me to join them."

Believing that "twere best so," the recital of what she called her "bright visions" always thrilled me with happiness, they appeared so real.

Early one Good Friday morning we missed her, and my sisters suggested that I should go to the church, where I generally found her at her favorite place, in front of the altar-rails.

Upon entering the edifice I saw our darling, with her hands clasping the railings, and her face lifted toward the memorial window, from which streamed a golden light that gave her beautiful features an ecstatic appearance. Approaching her softly, I whispered:

"May, darling, we want you at home."

But the angels had, indeed, visited the Church of Atonement, and the spirit of our loved one had joined that of her martyred mother in an Eternal Home.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Conscribers Taking Stone Souvenirs before their Departure from Belfort, Alsace-Lorraine, Germany.

The "Pierre de la Motte" is one of the principal forts defending the city of Belfort. It affords a splendid panorama of the surrounding country, as picturesque as it is varied. The highest point in the vicinity of, and overlooking Belfort, is the Mountain of Motte, which used to be called "Mont Mandit"—The Accursed Mountain. The pyramid of masonry which crowns the top of the mountain has almost as much importance in the country round about as the famed Pyramids of Egypt ever enjoyed in the land of the Pharaohs. Ancient historians hold that this tower used to be called "La Pierre Muette"—The Mute Stone—and that it was afterwards corrupted into Motte. Be that as it may, it is certainly one of the curiosities of France. The inhabitants of the whole country around profess so much respect and

reverence for the tower as almost to worship it, and they go by the surname of Motteans, or Motteians. Into this singular confederation, where all are considered as brothers, come those who can see the tower or mountain, even though living in villages at a great distance. From time immemorial it has been the custom for all conscripts from that part of the country, before leaving for the scene of war, to salute the Pierre de la Motte, and carry off, as a talisman, a piece of brick from the tower. This is the subject of our illustration.

Distribution of Prizes to the Students of the Female School of Art.

The Female School of Art is situated in Queen Square, Bloomsbury, London. It is sufficient to observe that it is a thoroughly practical institution, and that girls who have a taste for drawing, and who have the resolution to work steadily, may obtain there, at a very moderate expenditure, a sound education in matters relating to art. On Wednesday, March 26th, the prizes of the year were distributed to the pupils of this institution in the large theatre of the University of London in Burlington Gardens, by the Princess of Wales, the Prince also being present. The prize distribution began with the juvenile class, a pretty set of laughing girls in hats and long hair, and concluded with the winners of the Queen's medals and scholarships. The illustration shows one of the students receiving a prize from the Princess, while another of the successful competitors is retiring, and the Prince is looking over a printed list of the prize-takers which he holds in his hand. Miss Gann, the superintendent of the Queen's Square School, stands behind the Princess. As each candidate drew near, it was she who handed to H.R.H. the respective prize allotted. We learn from the report that during the past year several of the pupils have succeeded in obtaining private teaching, and engagements for illustrations, lithography, and other employments, either directly or indirectly through the recommendation of the school, while one student has been admitted to the Schools of the Royal Academy.

Punishing a Squad at Satory, France.

France, in these piping times of peace, instead of cultivating the gentler arts and developing her resources, turns her thoughts to "grim-visaged war," and dreams of revenge upon the invaders. To that end she is diligently engaged in perfecting her military organization, so as to have, in the near future, as perfect an army as possible, both in point of numbers, arms and equipments. One of the great superiorities of the Prussian soldier over the French was, that he was better educated. France is now going to try the plan of compulsory education. Every Russian is obliged to serve seven years in the army, and France has passed, or will pass, a law, enforcing the same regulation. Every day Prussia is inventing some new and destructive engine of war, or devising some ingenious stratagem for annoying and worrying the enemy. In all these things France is industriously imitating her cordially hated enemy, and the results are beginning to be apparent. France is stronger now, in a military point of view, than before the war. Its army is more numerous and better appointed. Our illustration represents a sergeant putting soldiers through a severe drill, as a punishment for insubordination and other offenses.

The Antechamber of a Republican Minister at Madrid, Spain.

The antechamber of a Minister of the Spanish Republic presents a curious sight nowadays. All sorts and classes of people are gathered there in great numbers and in picturesque variety of rags and dirt. A correspondent who was in one of the most noted, the other day, made a sketch, which we reproduce. He says that in these halls, dancing attendance on the great, are to be found some of the most choice specimens of Spanish *sans-culottes*. They had, one and all, an "ax to grind," in other words, a petition for some place or preferment, be it ever so humble; others came to ask for grace in the matter of taxes and rents. But the wily Minister had fled, to avoid the importunities of the visitors who had been cooling their heels in his antechamber for hours, and had sent an usher to announce the fact to them.

The Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race.

Our illustration shows the spectators cheering the Cambridge crew at the moment of their victory in the Inter-University Race on the Thames, from Putney to Mortlake. The following is a brief description of the contest by an eye-witness: The start was perfectly level, yet though the Cambridge stroke was only rowing 38 to the minute, while the Oxford stroke was setting his men 40, the favorites had a lead of a quarter of a length before reaching the Creek. Cambridge now dropped to a fine, steady 37 to the minute, and yet fully maintained her advantage; indeed, in making the shoot below the Soapworks, her lead had increased to nearly a length. In spite of every effort on the part of the Oxonians, this advantage was maintained to Hammersmith Bridge, which was reached in the very quick time of 7 min. 26 sec. Here it was clear that nothing but an accident could prevent the success of Cambridge, and as much as 10 to 1 was offered on her. Just off the Doves, Dowling called on his men for a spurt, and rowing 42 to the minute, they picked up some of their lost ground; but it was an expiring effort, and the Cantabs, who were only rowing 38, drew rapidly away again. The race was now over, for the leaders passed through Barnes Railway Bridge fully two lengths to the good, two or three of the Oxford crew being completely rowed out at this point, and finally won by three lengths. The time was 19 min. 35 sec., by far the fastest on record; so the sliding seats, which were used for the first time in this race, must be pronounced a complete success, and will doubtless be universally adopted.

A Carlist Review.

The many scattered bands of Carlist partisans who have during several months past overrun the north of Spain to carry on a harassing warfare against the Government troops, were recently massing their forces of duly organized and officered corps in the mountains of Catalonia and the Biscay provinces. The scene represented is the first important concentration of the Carlist troops, which took place on February 24th, at a village called Vidra, secluded amidst the Catalan mountains in the neighborhood of Vich. Don Alfonso de Bourbon y de Austria, brother of Don Carlos, had arrived in this village on the evening before, accompanied by his wife, Princess Donna Maria, and followed by a numerous staff, amongst whom was his cousin, the Duke of Seville, son of that Don Enrique de Bourbon whom the Duc de Montpensier some two years since shot in a duel. On the morning after his arrival, Don Alfonso passed in review six thousand armed men from the provinces of Catalonia and Navarre, under the command-in-chief of General Saballs. The moment chosen for our sketch is when, after the comparatively few regularly uniformed troops had defiled past the young Prince and his consort, the rough levies of Catalan mountaineers marched before them. Don Alfonso, who was formerly an officer of Papal Zouaves, wears the distinctive mark of the Carlist party—the *boina blanca*, or white flat cap of the Basque provinces; with a blue uniform tunic, light riding breeches, and top boots; and on his shoulders the sheepskin *zamarro*, such as is worn by the Spanish mountaineers. He is nominated by Don Carlos, who abdicates his own claim in favor of his son, to be Regent of the kingdom during his nephew's minority.

The remains of Bishop Mellvaine, of Ohio, who died recently in Florence, are in London awaiting shipment.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

The Bull's Head Bank has been reorganized.

The Boston painters will strike for \$3 a day.

During the year 1872, 2,926 vessels were lost.

NAVIGATION has been resumed on Cayuga Lake, N. Y.

PERE HYACINTHE is in high favor in Geneva, Switzerland.

It is three years' imprisonment to whip a wife in Memphis.

MR. DELANO, of the London Times, is about to visit this country.

LONDON has 46 regular theatres, and one now in course of erection.

MISS FAITHFUL's departure for England has been postponed until May 10th.

A JERSEY CITY girl jumped a rope 500 times, and was taken home insensible.

THE Anti-secret Society organization in New York does its business with closed doors.

COMMODORE WATSON died in a fit of apoplexy in San Francisco on the 18th instant.

LORD CHIEF-JUSTICE COCKBURN, of England, meditates a work on the Junius controversy.

AN orange-tree in California has celebrated its 80th anniversary by yielding a \$50 crop.

THE Carlists were badly defeated at San Lorenzo de la Muga, in the province of Gerona.

THERE are 25,904 acres of unimproved land in the town of Fremont, Sullivan County, N. Y.

ROBERT C. WINTHROP has been re-elected President of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

THE deficit in the Turkish budget for the current year will, it is supposed, reach \$40,000,000.

It is reported that visions of the Virgin have been effecting miraculous cures of invalids in Paris.

AN Iowa judge gives it as his opinion that more brains are required to play poker than to run a court.

THERE are 30 Masonic districts in Pennsylvania, comprising 713 lodges, and 80,000 members in good standing.

A PARISIAN provided in his will that any relation who shed tears at his funeral should be disinherited.

THE little shanty in which ex-President Johnson was born has been torn down to improve the location.

CONGRESSMAN G. W. HAZELTON, of Wisconsin, has turned over his extra back pay to the National Treasury.

A BOY in Williamsport, Pa., got a billiard ball into his mouth recently, and a physician had to get it out for him.

GENERAL MOTT has assumed command of the State National Guard of New Jersey. He succeeds General Runyon.

EX-MAYOR T. B. PEDDIE, of Newark, has been appointed one of the Honorary Commissioners to the Vienna Exposition.

REPORTS from Newfoundland show that the seal fisheries have been very satisfactory. Thirteen vessels have taken 135,000 seals.

AN accepted Californian suitor lately sold his interest and good will in his affianced to a rival for the price of a new waistcoat.

THE report that Metschajoff, the political convict, committed suicide while on the way to Siberia, is without foundation.

THE Prince of Wales is believed, from his frequent attendance at the House of Lords, to be taking a course of political training.

ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-EIGHT ocean steamers are now running between America and Europe. Forty-five new ones are on the stocks.

PARIS has a new lion in the person of a son of one of the most notable Algerian chiefs. He is a ward of the French Government, and is called Belcaïssen ben Sheikh al Matkar.

MANY of the Roman Catholic cardinals are very old. Billiet is 90; De Angellis, 81; Caterini, 78; Amat, 76; Grassellini, 77; Mathieu, 77; Antonucci 75; and Patrizi, 75.

A PRISONER in England emphasized his disagreement with the clergyman's theology during the sermon by shouting, "You're a liar; Christ never told you to say that!"

M. BOSQUET, of Lyons, France, upon the proclamation of the Spanish Republic, wrote Señor Castelar, saying that 3,000 Lyonsnais had started to support the new Government.

THE steamer *Elm City* has finally been raised by the wreckers and towed to port. She has sustained considerable damage, but can probably be repaired within a week.

THE large exports of silver coin from the United States have, it is estimated by United States Mint men, reduced the amount now in circulation in this country to about \$2,000,000.

GENERAL JOHN F. FARNSWORTH, ex-Congressman from the Second Illinois District, has written a long letter, devoting his share of back pay toward the abatement of taxes in his district.

THE latest fashionable kink is pop-corn parties. It is claimed that they not only keep young men from another kind of corned parties, but that they are very suggestive of a question they ought to pop.

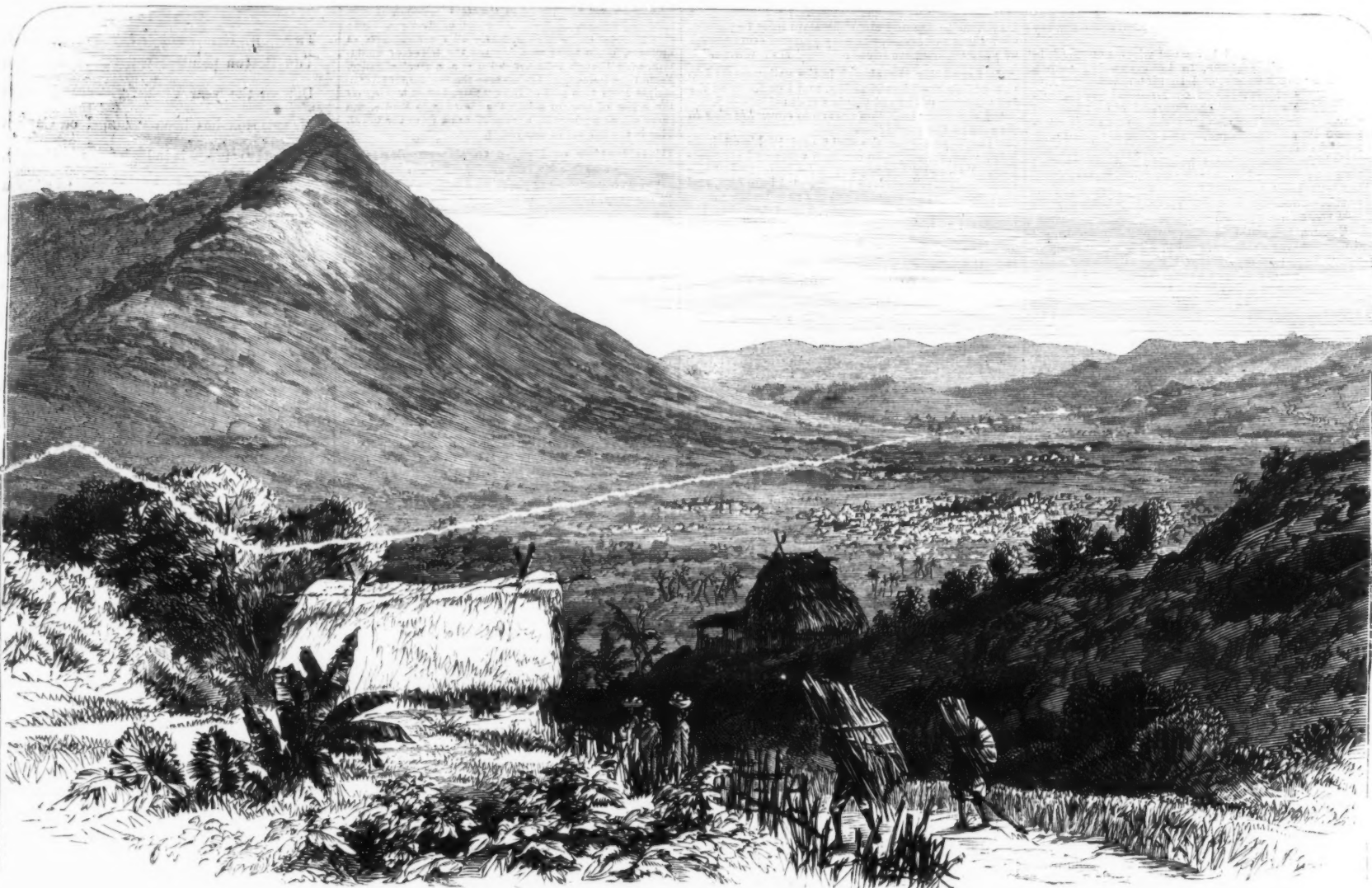
THE Government of Hayti has paid \$10,000 to Charles F. Teel, Consular Agent of the United States at Miragoane, for his illegal arrest and imprisonment on the charge of knowingly having in his possession and circulating false money.

COMMODORE VANDERBILT and A. T. Stewart each lack but two years of four-score. George Law is more than three-score-and-ten, but he attends faithfully to his immense interests. Moses Taylor is nearly 75, and is reputed to be worth \$10,000,000.

THE famous Watkins Glen, near the head of Lake Seneca, N. Y., which less than three years ago was purchased for \$25,000, has just been sold to a Philadelphia firm for \$100,000. Ten years ago the property could have been purchased for \$5,000.

THE sale of the effects of M. Heindrich, the former Parisian executioner, revealed his predilection for his horrible pursuit. He had a large collection of paintings and engravings, whose subjects were always connected with capital punishment and its instruments.

IN Bedford County, Pa., recently, a spigot worked out of a whisky barrel during the night, and several gallons of the liquor ran out on the floor of the cellar where the barrels were stored. The following morning a number of rats were found lying in the liquor in a complete state of intoxication.



THE CITY AND VOLCANO OF SAN SALVADOR.

THE EARTHQUAKE AT SAN SALVADOR.

ON the 5th of April, the city of San Salvador, capital of the Central American Republic of that name, was destroyed by an earthquake. It is estimated that eight hundred persons perished, and that \$12,000,000 worth of property became irrecoverable. The earthquake was followed by a terrible conflagration, which burned up many buildings.

The Republic of San Salvador is the smallest of the Central American States, but the most populous. Its area has been estimated, approximately, at 9,600 square miles, nearly equal to that of Vermont. The following cities are the capitals of the several departments: San Salvador, having a population of 80,000; San Miguel, 80,000; San Vicenti, 56,000; Sacabcoluca, 28,000; Chalatenango and Suchitoto, 75,000; Sonsonati and Santa Ana, 75,000.

The volcanic features of San Salvador are very numerous. There are eleven great volcanoes, two of which, San Miguel and Izalco, have been called "civo," or active, in latter days. San Miguel rises to a height of six thousand feet from the plain, in the form of a cone. Smoke in volumes constantly crowns its summit, but eruptions, according to the latest writers, have been confined to the opening of great fissures in its sides, from which large currents of lava have flowed, reaching many miles. The last of this kind occurred in 1848. No serious damage was done by it.

San Salvador is a volcanic territory, without a doubt, and bears the traces of former eruptions



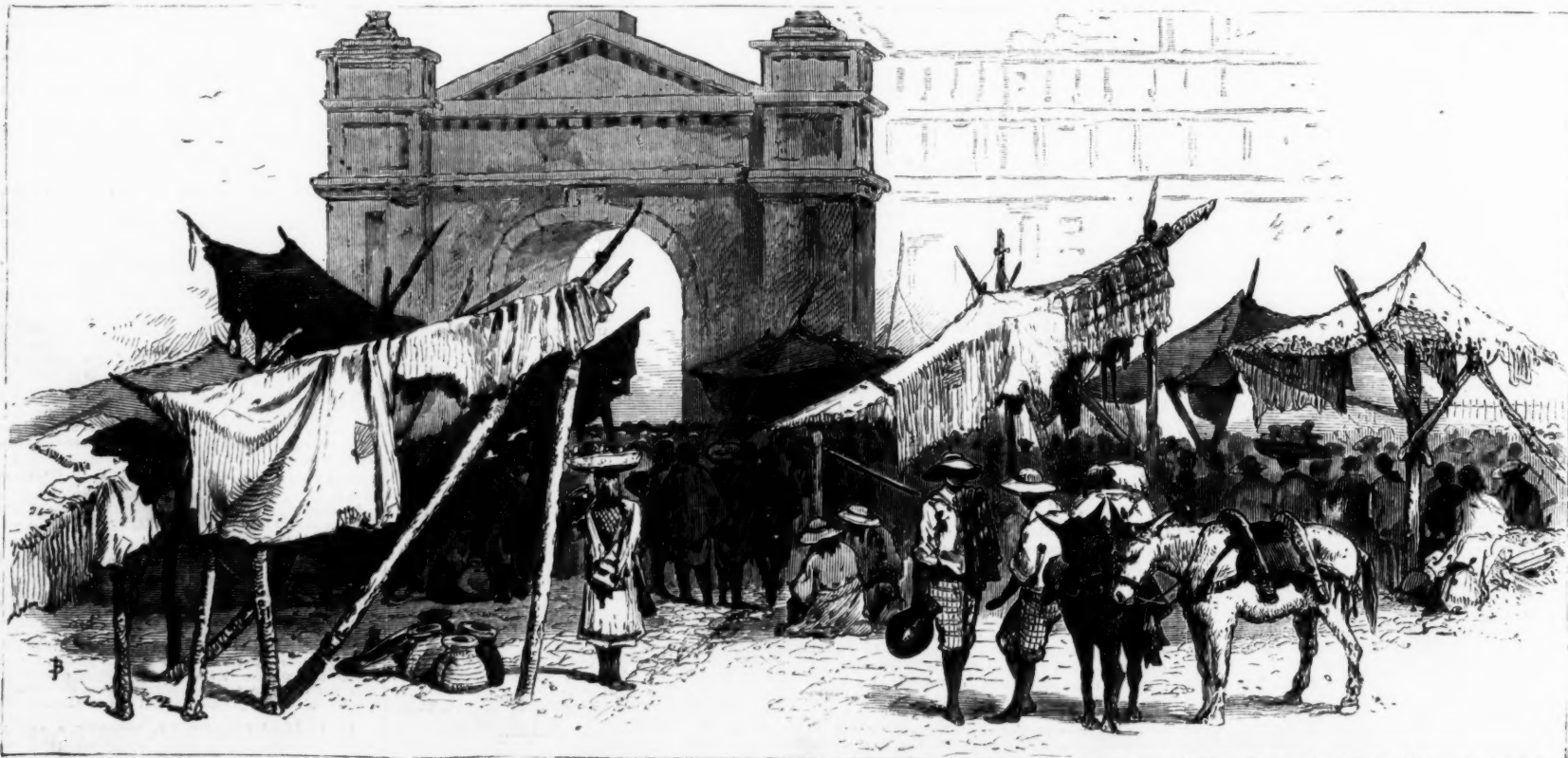
THE VIADUCT IN THE CITY OF SAN SALVADOR.

everywhere. Travelers journeying through it pass over immense lava, scoria and volcanic sand beds. Yet the soil is densely covered with vegetation, and is very fertile.

The Izalco is generally considered the most interesting volcanic feature of the State. It arose from the plain, near the great mass of the extinct volcano of Santa Ana, in 1770, and overturned what was then a fine estate. The description of this terrible affair, as related by Mr. Squier, in his work on the Central American States, is as follows:

"About the close of 1769, the dwellers on this estate were alarmed by subterranean noises and shocks of earthquakes, which continued to increase in loudness and strength until the 23d of February following, when the earth opened, about half a mile from the dwellings on the estate, sending out lava, accompanied by fire and smoke. The inhabitants fled, but the *vaqueros*, or herdsmen, who visited the estate daily, reported a constant increase in the smoke and flame, and that the ejection of lava was at times suspended, and vast quantities of ashes, cinders and stones sent out instead, forming an increasing cone around the vent, or crater. This process was repeated for a long period, but for many years the volcano has thrown out no lava."

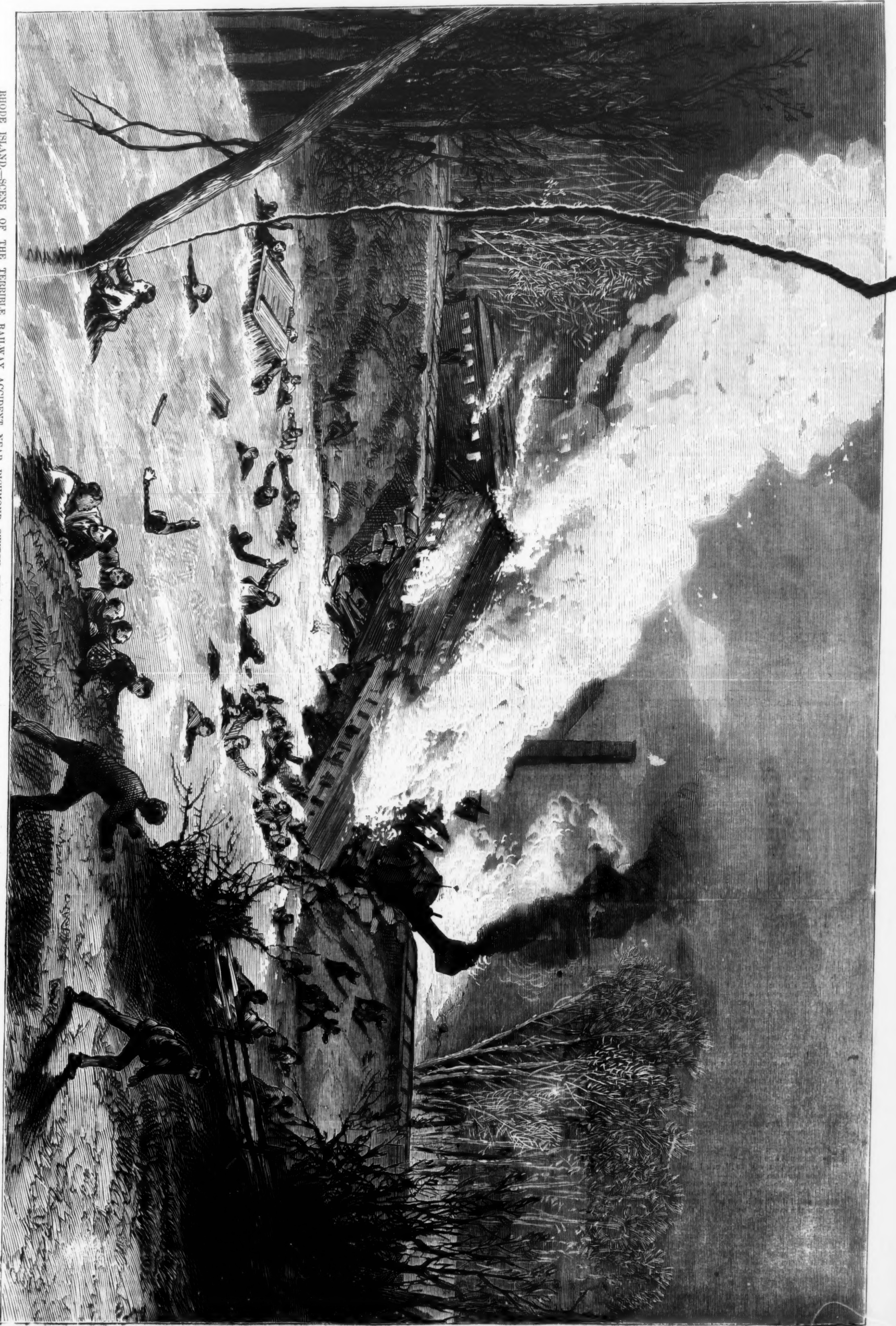
The city of San Salvador received its name—the City of Our Saviour—from the devout Spanish bandit, who founded it after they had routed the aboriginal Indians of "Cuscutlan" (the land of riches) on the eve of the Feast of Our Saviour, in 1528. It was placed on a table-land forming the summit of one of the mountains of the coast range, where the climate is delicious. The mean temperature there



MARKET-DAY ON THE PLAZA OF SAN SALVADOR.

CENTRAL AMERICA.—SAN SALVADOR—SCENES AND VIEWS IN THE CITY LATELY DESTROYED BY EARTHQUAKE.—FROM SKETCHES BY D. C. HITCHCOCK.

RHODE ISLAND.—SCENE OF THE TERRIBLE RAILWAY ACCIDENT NEAR RICHMOND SWITCH—THE TRAIN ON FIRE IN THE CHASM—SURVIVORS ESCAPING THROUGH THE WATER.—FROM A SKETCH BY JOS. LEECH.—SEE PAGE 117.



is 76 degrees 3 minutes Fahrenheit. The hills around the plain of San Salvador are verdure-clad, and almost evergreen. The great volcano of San Salvador, as seen in our engraving, is about three miles west of the city. It rises to an altitude of 3,000 feet. At the bottom of the crater is a lake of water.

Our other illustrations, the Viaduct and the Market-day on the Plaza, are from sketches taken by our artist while in that city. The market of San Salvador is kept well supplied from the numerous adjacent Indian villages. On fair-days the town was thronged by people, who gathered from fifty miles around. The city of San Salvador, before its former destruction, in 1854, was very beautiful. Its red-roofed houses were literally embowered and overshadowed by palms, orange-trees, and evergreen hedges. Since then it has been growing gradually from its gloom, only to be once again destroyed and shattered.

UNENDING.

I SEE that all these things come to an end,
The things we glory in, the things we fear;
Annihilation's shadow still doth lend
Its gloom to every pleasant thing and dear.
Each heavy burden under which we bend
Will some day from our wearied shoulders move;
One thing alone there is which hath no end—
There is no end to Love.

There is an end to kisses and to sighs,
There is an end to laughter and to tears;
An end to fair things that delight our eyes,
An end to pleasant sounds that charm our ears;
An end to enmity's foul libeling,
And to the gracious praise of tender friend;
There is an end to all but one sweet thing—
To Love there is no end.

That warrior carved an empire with his sword,
The empire now is but like him—a name;
That statesman spoke, and by a burning word
Kindled a nation's heart into a flame;
Now naught is left but ashes, and we bring
Our homage to new men; to them we bend;
There is an end to all but one sweet thing—
To Love there is no end.

All beauty fades away, or else, alas!
Men's eyes grow dim, and they no beauty see;
The glorious shows of Nature pass and pass—
Quickly they come, as quickly do they flee;
And he who hears the voice of welcoming
Hears next the slow, sad farewell of his friend;
There is an end to all but one sweet thing—
To Love there is no end.

And for ourselves—our father, where is he!
Gone, and a memory alone remains;
There is no refuge on a mother's knee
For us, grown old and sad with cares and pains;
Brotherless, sisterless, our way we wend
To death's dark house, from which we shall not rove;
And so we cease; yet one thing hath no end—
There is no end to Love.

INNOCENT:

A TALE OF MODERN LIFE.

BY

MRS. OLIPHANT,

Author of "Salem Chapel," "The Minister's Wife," "Squire Arden," etc.

CHAPTER XXI.—A FAMILY DINNER.

WHILE this wild love-fever of Frederick's had run its course, Nelly's little drama had also enacted itself, and the interview between Mrs. Eastwood and Mr. Molyneux, Q. C., had taken place, so that the moment had been an exciting one in the family story. The young people were absorbed in their different adventures, and it was only the mother who felt, even though she did not know, all that was going on, on either hand. She did not know what it was which had moved Frederick so much out of his usual composure, which had made him "engaged" and inaccessible to all family invitations or arrangements during an entire week. He had never mentioned Miss Batty or her beauty again, but he had been engaged every evening, going out early and staying late, and making no allusion to where he had been. But he had offered no confidences, and Mrs. Eastwood had not gone so far as to ask for any. The time when she could inquire into his troubles and set them right was over. But she was uneasy about him, and disturbed about the Molyneux business, and the engagements which she might be forced into, against her will and her judgment, on Nelly's account. The shadow which thus had come upon her overshadowed the whole house. It irritated Ernest Molyneux, and it made Nelly unhappy. Nelly, poor child, had never known what it was to have any cross influences in her life before. She had never been pulled two ways, never divided in her affections or her allegiance. Few people appreciate the difference this makes in a girl's life. She and her mother had been as one soul—the one ruling, the other obeying, but neither able to discriminate from which came the original impulse; and now she felt herself suddenly placed in a position, if not of antagonism to her mother, yet at least of tenderest sympathy and union with one who declared himself so far her mother's antagonist. This curious turn and twist of circumstances confused the ideas which she had held as unchangeable till the day before yesterday, when they were suddenly undermined, and all her old gods made to totter in their shrines.

"Your mother does not like me," Molyneux said to her, one day, when Mrs. Eastwood, disturbed and worried by a communication from his father, had been cold and distant to him. "It is always the way. She was nice enough as long as I was only a young fellow dangling about the house; but as soon as everything is settled, and you are ready to have me, Nelly, she turns off at a tangent. Clearly, your mother does not like me."

"How can you say so?" cried Nelly. "Oh, Ernest, as if it were possible!"

"Quite possible—indeed, quite common," he said, shaking his head. "You don't know the world, darling, and I don't wish you to; but when people have to make sacrifices to establish their children, they don't like it. Nobody likes to have a sacrifice to make. I suppose I thought your mother different, because she was your mother; but human nature is the same everywhere—though you, Nelly, heaven be praised, have no knowledge of the world."

"Is it mamma you mean by the world?" said Nelly, disengaging herself, almost unconsciously, from her lover's arm.

"Don't be vexed, dear. Mothers are just like other people. When our interests come to be in opposition to those of our nearest and dearest—"

"How can mamma's interests be in opposition to ours?" said Nelly, with open eyes.

"Well, I suppose our parents have got to provide

for us," said Molyneux. "They have got to part with so much, on one side and the other, to set us up—we trying to get as much as we can, they to give us as little as they can—that is what makes your mother look so glum at me."

"We trying to get as much as we can—they to give us as little as they can?" repeated Nelly, with a dreamy wonder in her tone.

"I don't want to vex you about it," he said, drawing closer to her. "You don't know anything about business, and I don't want you to know about it."

"I know all about mamma's business," said Nelly. She was startled beyond measure in the straightforwardness of a soul unacquainted with business. "We trying to get as much as we can—they to give us as little as they can," she said to herself, in the solitude of her room, putting the fingers of one hand against those of the other, as if to count the words. Nelly was bewildered—the firm ground seemed failing beneath her feet.

It was about this time that another person appeared on the family scene, a man about whom none of the Eastwoods felt any particular interest, or, rather, against whom they had all a decided prejudice. This was John Vane, a distant cousin of Innocent's father, a squire in the north country, with considerable, but poor estates, who had lived a wandering life for some years, and who was considered, by all who knew him, "eccentric," to say the least. His true name was Reginald or Roland; but society, which has a way of identifying character by simple means, called him John. He was a man of three or four and thirty, with a brown complexion, tanned by much exposure to wind and weather, and a golden brown beard, which was the chief feature about him to a stranger. His hair had worn off his temples, and he had a threatening of baldness, as if the forest on his chin had drawn all his locks downward. His forehead was clear and open, and white, in contrast with the tanned and much-lined surface of the more exposed parts of his face. He was by no means the nearest or even a near relation of Innocent, but he had lost no time in seeking her out. He arrived on the very day when this first touch of doubt and pain came into Nelly's belief in her lover; and it was by no means a happy household in which the new-come appeared one bright Spring morning shortly after the events we have been telling. His mission was to ask what had become of his cousin's child, to ascertain in the most delicate way possible what was her position in her aunt's house, and to offer her, should that prove necessary, a refuge in his own. He made this offer with so much grace and natural kindness, that Mrs. Eastwood's prejudices against him fled like the morning dew. He made so pleasant an impression, that Mrs. Eastwood ended by inviting him to a very solemn dinner-party which was to take place at her house that evening—a dinner at which the Molyneuxes were to be present, though the negotiations between Ernest's side and Nelly's side were yet far from being completed. Major Railton, who had been one of the invited guests, sent an excuse on account of his health. "Mr. Vane is a kind of a connection," Mrs. Eastwood said, doubtfully, when she explained the change to her son. Frederick, who was full of other thoughts, made no objection, and Mr. Vane, who was not less pleased with his new acquaintances than they were with him, accepted frankly. This dinner-party was a very great event in the family; and though dinner-parties are not generally exciting occurrences, I may perhaps be pardoned, for the sake of the issues, if I dwell upon it a little. The chief guests were the Molyneuxes—Mr. and Mrs. and Miss, the latter of whom we may drop out of the present history, having already enough people on our hands. They were both of opinion that Mrs. Eastwood had "kept her eye upon" Ernest for years, and that Nelly had made "a dead set" at him; and they were accordingly dignified and a little condescending in their cordiality. Mr. and Mrs. Brotherton also formed part of the company, along with two other of Mrs. Eastwood's advisers—Mr. Parchemin and Mrs. Everard; and the party was made up to the number of sixteen (which was all that could be comfortably accommodated at the Elms dinner-table) by the presence of Sir Alexis Longueville and his sister. In opposition to the selection of this guest, Nelly had put forth the moral objections to him which her lover had, on a certain evening, pressed so warmly upon her, but had found, to her great amazement, that Ernest laughed at the whole matter, and declared Longueville one of the best fellows going; while Mrs. Eastwood silenced her with some indignation, declaring that she had known him for twenty years, and would not have any old scandals raked up.

The dinner went off as such dinners do everywhere. There was a great display of all the Eastwood plate, and the meal itself lasted two hours and a half, and included everything that was out of season, and all that was most costly in the way of eating and drinking. Mrs. Eastwood, at the head of her own table, with Sir Alexis on one side of her and Mr. Molyneux on the other, tried her very best to feel no sort of opposition to the latter, and to look as if nothing but family love and union was symbolized by their meeting. Frederick, at the other end, with his head full of Amanda Batty, endeavored to give his best attention to the gorgeous Mrs. Barclay and the dignified Mrs. Molyneux. The other members of the party had, no doubt, their own cares; but their cares do not concern us greatly, except in so far as Nelly was concerned, whose poor little heart was wounded and her mind confused, and who, in her position of *fiancée*, felt this sort of formal reception of her by her lover's parents to suggest all kinds of strange doubts and miseries, and to throw uncertainty instead of security upon the bond which had been tied so tightly, yet so happily, in the cold, half-frozen garden but a little while before. No doubt that she loved Ernest Molyneux, or that his love made her perfectly happy, had crossed her mind then. She had been as full of gentle bliss as a girl could be, when she had stolen in with him into the drawing-room in the freight, frightened lest any one should see how he held her hand, and yet unable to conceive how anything or any one in the world could be ignorant of the new great flood of light and joy which had covered earth and heaven. In that beatific moment, however, no idea of settlements or negotiations, or the suggestion that Ernest might have done better, or that it was his business and hers to try to get as much as they could, had entered into her mind. There are well-reasoned and justly-regulated minds, even of twenty, which understand all these accessories as well as the oldest of us, and have no nonsense about them, and are robust enough to enter into the whole question "as a matter of business." But Nelly was not one of these. She had a great deal of nonsense about her. She was shocked, chilled, brought to a stand suddenly, in the first outset of her independent career. Her love seemed to have ceased to be real, now that it was being talked about and struggled over, and Ernest himself. She would not say, even in the depths of her own heart, any more than this; but her poor little heart gave an inarticulate cry when he opened up his philosophy to her with so much confidence, and congratulated himself that she knew nothing of business. She was put out of harmony with herself and every one. If

life was so—if such gulfs were ready to open under your feet at your very first step in it, was it worth living? Such was the painful question, not yet put into words, that breathed through poor Nelly's heart.

Mr. John Vane was on one side of her, and Ernest on the other; but the kind looks of her next neighbor were comforting, and he was touched by her downcast, yet bright, face.

"Miss Eastwood," he said, "may I guess at something? I am a stranger, but I am a connection. This is a solemn family assembly to celebrate something that is to make your happiness. Have I guessed rightly; and will you forgive me, and let me make my congratulations, too?"

Nelly looked up, blushing and bright and sorry, and very much tempted to cry. "Oh, Mr. Vane, I can't bear it," she said.

"What, not the happiness? I could bear a great deal of it if it ever came my way."

"Has it never come your way?" said Nelly, looking at him wistfully. "But I did not mean—the happiness. It is the family assembly, and the talk, and the congratulations. If you don't know, you can't think how they hurt, how they—"

"Take the bloom off?"

"I suppose that is it," said Nelly, with a little sigh.

Vane, who had a great deal more experience than she gave him credit for, looked past her at her lover, and concluded, on perfectly insufficient grounds, that Molyneux was not worthy of Nelly. It was something in Nelly's tone and something in the cut of Ernest's nose which decided Mr. Vane.

"And would it be impertinent of a stranger, who is a connection, to ask if it is all settled," he said, "and when it is to be?"

"Nothing is settled," said Nelly, with a deeper blush than ever. "I should like to ask you something. Do you think one's father or mother even change to you, when your interests are in opposition to theirs?"

"One's father or mother?" said Vane: "but that must be so rare a case, Miss Eastwood."

"You think so, too?" said Nelly, brightly, recovering herself in a moment. "I am so glad you think as I do."

"But stop a little," said Vane: "perhaps we are going too far. Suppose we were to take an instance. Regan and Goneril felt their interests to be in opposition to their father's, and it did make a great change in them. If we were to ask more than we ought from our nearest relation, it would wound his sense of justice and his trust in us; even love might be impaired."

Nelly grew wistful; she was not satisfied. "Tell me this, then," she said in a low voice, which he had to stoop to hear. "Is it natural that we should be always trying how much we can get, and they how little they can give?"

"Any one who told you so," said Vane, indignantly, "must have the lowest and meanest conception"—then he caught Nelly's eye with a mingled look of fright and entreaty in it. "I mean," he said, with a forced laugh, "that this is the conventional way in which we speak in society, which sounds terrible but means nothing. How didactic you have made me, Miss Eastwood, and what a serious strain we have drifted into! I am afraid you will never sit next to me again."

"Indeed, I will, and like it," said honest Nelly, smiling at him with her heart in her eyes. It seemed to Nelly that here was a sort of big brother, kinder than Frederick, wiser than Dick, who had suddenly come to her aid to disentangle her from that raveled skein which had troubled her mind so much. She turned round to Ernest forthwith, and whispered something to him with a sweet compunction, to make up for the injustice she had done him in her heart. Mr. Vane was not moved with like sentiments. He gave a short audible breath of impatience through his nostrils, which he ought not to have done, and glanced at young Molyneux over Nelly's head, and said to himself, "Confound the fellow!"

Innocent was on her cousin's other side. Mrs. Eastwood had hesitated much about this, feeling that at sixteen, and with no education, the girl ought not, perhaps, to be allowed to assist at a dinner-party. But Mr. Vane's presence and the family character of the whole ceremony decided her. It was a very poor pleasure to Innocent. She was dressed in a black tulle dress, like nothing she had ever worn before, and which seemed to transfigure her and turn her into some one else. Nelly had made a valiant effort to put up her hair, and give her something of the aspect of a young lady of the period, but this even Mrs. Eastwood had resisted, saying wisely, that if Innocent appeared with her hair hanging on her shoulders, as she always wore it, it would be presumed at once that she was "still in the schoolroom" (poor Innocent, who had never been in the schoolroom in her life!), a girl not yet "out." She answered only "yes" or "no" to the questions Vane put to her, and would have stolen away from the drawing-room afterward, altogether, if she had not been detained by something like force. The great Mrs. Molyneux took condescending notice of her, and plied her with a great many questions, all actuated by an idea of which no one in the family had the smallest conception. "I don't doubt they neglect her shamefully," she said to her daughter, after she had ascertained that Innocent neither played, nor sang, nor drew; that she had never been to school, nor had a governess, nor masters, and that, in short, she knew nothing.

But Innocent interested more people than Mrs. Molyneux. When Sir Alexis came into the drawing-room after dinner, he requested to be presented to the young stranger. "I think I knew her father," he said, and he went and sat by her, and did his best to call forth some response. "Since he cannot have the one, he is going to try for the other," said Mrs. Barclay in Mrs. Eastwood's ear. But whatever his intentions or desires might be, he did not make much of Innocent, who was frozen back into her old stupefied dullness by the many strange faces and fresh appeals made to her. "You remember your father?" said Sir Alexis, meaning to move her. "Oh, yes," said Innocent, but took little further interest in hearing about him. Perhaps, had it been Niccolò, he might have moved her more.

"Has she all her faculties?" he asked, hesitating, of Nelly.

"Oh, yes, I think so. She has never been taught anything. She has not got over her strangeness yet, and she does not care for any of us," said Nelly, "except, perhaps."

Here she paused, not venturing to add the name that came to her lips. Young Molyneux laughed, and took up the words.

"Except, perhaps—yourself, do you mean? You made a wonderful picture once of the cousin you expected; how she was to be the most beautiful, clever, learned, accomplished of women, to throw everybody else into the shade; and how, in self-defense, you would have to be cruel to her, to banish her to the schoolroom—"

"That has come true," said Nelly, smiling, "but it is the only thing. She is not Aurora Leigh."

"She has a beautiful face," said Sir Alexis. They all looked at the girl when he said so, for her beauty was not of a kind which struck every beholder at the first glance. She was sitting quite by herself, in the corner which she preferred, with her hands

crossed upon her lap, and her head half turned, following Frederick with an undivided gaze. She was not conscious of any observation. She had eyes but for him alone.

CHAPTER XXII.—ABOUT ANOTHER MARRIAGE.

FREDERICK was in so strangely disturbed a state of mind that this evening's entertainment—as well as the other incidents of these hurrying days, which seemed years as they passed, yet appeared to have raced by him helter-skelter as soon as they were gone—was to him as a dream. He declined all engagements, never went to his club, went home of nights, and shut himself up in the library or his own room, smoking a greater number of cigars than he had ever done in his life before, and thinking of her. Tobacco may be said to be the food of love to the modern man, as it is the food of musing minds, and intellectual work, or idleness. Frederick lighted one after another mechanically, and brooded over the image of Amanda. He thought of her in every aspect under which he had seen her. He recalled to his mind, in detail, the times when they had met, and everything that had been said and done. And there came upon him a hunger for her presence which he could not overcome, and scarcely restrain. She was not an interesting or amusing companion in any intellectual way. Her talk was the merest chit-chat. He made, indeed, occasional efforts to show off the spell that bound him; to try, if not to forget her, at least to consider all the obstacles that stood between them. Their condition of life was entirely different, and to this Frederick was deeply sensitive. He had trembled to have Batty find him out at his club, or visit him at his office. He had accepted the man's invitation in haste to get rid of him, that no one might see the kind of person who claimed his acquaintance; and, good heavens! if that very man became his father-in-law! Then Frederick acknowledged to himself that Amanda would be "pulled to pieces by the women." He had been very lucky at the office, making his way by a series of deaths and misfortunes to a position which he could scarcely have hoped to hold for five or six years longer. Three or four hundred a year, however, though much for a public office, is not much to set up house upon, according to Frederick Eastwood's ideas. He had, like Nelly, five thousand pounds, but what was that, he said to himself, having the exalted notions peculiar to the young men of the period. The marriage he ought to have made was with some one at least as rich as himself. He knew that he ought to do exactly the reverse of what he wanted to do. But in the very midst of his wisest thoughts a sudden recollection would sweep away every scrap of good sense he possessed. Perhaps it would be wrong to say that Love had triumphed over Self in this struggle. It was a victory more subtle still—it was the triumph of the Self of passion over the Self of prudence and worldly well-being. It was gratification as against profit—delight against honor. I do not call this kind of frenzy Love; but there are many that do. Of the true being called Amanda Batty he knew next to nothing, and what he did know would, had he been in his sober senses, have revolted his good taste, and disgusted all his finer perceptions. Even now he had a vague prevision that he would be bitterly ashamed of her, did she belong to him; and a certainty that he would be more than ashamed of her belongings, whom already he loathed; but the outside of her filled him with a hungry worship which overcame his reason, and all the sane portion of his mind. Never before had he made so long or so hard a stand. Would it compromise his life? Might it not turn out for the best, as the other event did which had seemed to envelop him in ruin? Could not he cut the Batty connection altogether—make a condition that she was to be entirely handed over to him, and never inquired about more? And must not his own innate refinement, his constant companionship, reform the beautiful creature herself into all that could be desired? This flattering unctious sometimes Frederick succeeded in laying to his soul; but to do him justice, he much more generally perceived and acknowledged to their full extent the obstacles in his way, and made his fight honestly, knowing what it was he was fighting against.

Things, however, came to a crisis before very long. He did not himself know how long the struggle lasted; it absorbed him at last out of almost all consciousness of what was going on round him. He kept his usual place, got through, somehow, his usual work, ate and drank, and answered when he was spoken to, and knew nothing about it. During this period, perhaps Innocent was the greatest comfort he had. The Spring had come with a bound in the beginning of April, after a long stretch of cold weather, and when after dinner he strayed out of doors to wander under the elms, and carry on his eternal self-conflict, it was rather soothing to him than otherwise when his cousin came stealing to his side in the soft twilight. Poor child! how fond she was of him! it was pleasant to have her there. She put her hand softly within his arm, and held his sleeve, and turned with him when he turned, as long as he liked, or at least until his mother's sharp summons startled them both, and called in the unwilling girl.

"Why can't they let her alone when she is happy?" he said to himself on such occasions. "Women are so spiteful."

But when Mrs. Eastwood was otherwise engaged, or forgot, or got tired, as people will do, of constant interference, Innocent would stay with him as long as she pleased, saying scarcely anything—content only to be with him—making no demands on his attention. Sometimes she would lean her cheek softly against his arm, or clasp her hands upon it, with a touching, silent demonstration of her dependence.

"I am afraid they are not very kind to you," he would say, bending over her, in intervals when he had roused himself from more serious thought.

But Innocent made no accusation; she said, "I like you best," leaning upon him. Her mind was absolutely as her name. She thought of nothing better or higher in life than thus to be allowed to wander about with Frederick, doing whatever he might want of her, accepting his guidance with implicit faith. He had been the first to take possession of her forlorn and half-stupefied mind, and no one else had room as yet to enter in.

This, as may be supposed, made Mrs. Eastwood very seriously uneasy, and produced remonstrances to which Frederick, in his preoccupied condition, paid not the slightest attention.

One evening, however, when he had come to the very verge of the crisis, she went out in the twilight, and took her son's arm.

"If you must have a companion, Frederick," she said, attempting a laugh, "I am the safest. You cannot turn my head, or have your own turned. I wish you would pay a little attention to what I say to you."

"Mother," he said, breathlessly, finding himself forced at last into the resolution he had so long kept at arm's length, "for the moment it is you who must listen to me."

She was startled by the vehemence of his tone, but kept her composure.

"Surely," she said, "I am always ready—when you have anything to say to me, my dear."

"I have something to say—and yet nothing—nothing particular," he cried. "The fact is that circumstances—have made me think lately—of the possibility—of marrying."

He brought out the last words with something of a jerk.

"Of—marrying! You, Frederick?"

"Yes, I. Why not? There is no reason, that I know of, why I should not marry. There are Nelly and Molyneux setting me the example. She is a great deal younger than I am, and he has nothing. I do not know what there should be to prevent me."

"Nothing, my dear," said Mrs. Eastwood, softly; "but before such an idea enters into a young man's head there are generally preliminaries. You intend to marry somebody in particular? not just the first that comes in your way?"

"You mean that I should have determined upon the person before I suggest the event?" said Frederick. "One does naturally, I suppose; but let us imagine that to be done, and there still remains a great deal to do."

"Is this all you can tell me, Frederick?" said his mother, aghast.

"Well, perhaps it is not all. It is all I have any right to tell you, for I have taken no decisive steps. You must be aware, mother, that before I do so I must ascertain what your intentions are—what you are willing to do for me. I can't live with a wife and an establishment upon what I have. You would not like, I presume, to see your son in a back street, with a maid-of-all-work, living upon next to nothing."

"Frederick, you have never given me any reason to suppose that you were thinking of this; you have taken me by surprise. I cannot tell you all in a moment, without any warning, without the least indication—Frederick, for heaven's sake," cried Mrs. Eastwood, "struck by sudden terror, 'tell me who is the lady? do not keep me in this suspense. You cannot surely mean—'"

She was about to say Innocent; but with natural delicacy she paused, looking anxiously at him.

"I don't mean anybody that you have seen," he said, impatiently. "What is the use of going into particulars? If I told you her name a hundred times over you would be none the wiser."

"I am the wiser already. I am relieved of one fear," said Mrs. Eastwood; "but, Frederick, more than ever, if this is the case, you ought to be careful about that poor child. How can you tell what fancies you are putting into her head? You have made me most anxious, both on your account and hers."

"Pshaw! Mother, I wish you would put away those womanish notions of yours, and for once understand what a man is thinking of when he has a serious object in hand. Dismiss all this nonsense about that baby Innocent. If she is a little fool, is it my fault?"

"If I was in your position, Frederick, I should feel it to be serious, and very much my fault."

"Good heavens! this is how you treat a man when he wants to talk to you seriously. Will you pay a little attention to me for once without dragging in somebody else?"

"I have paid too much attention to you one time and another," said Mrs. Eastwood; "and unless you can speak to your mother, Frederick, with proper respect—"

"Oh, dear, yes, certainly, as much as you like," he cried. "I don't suppose you want me to say Honored madame, or go down on my knees for your blessing."

There was a moment of silence, during which the fumes of this little quarrel dissipated themselves. He did not want to quarrel—it was contrary to his interests. And neither did she.

"We need not make a fuss about it," he said, in a subdued tone. "It is natural enough. I shall be seven-and-twenty presently, which is not so unripe an age. I have got on well enough hitherto living at home, though I have never had a penny to spare, and I dare say there are a few debts here and there to look up; but, of course, if I married, the thing would be simply impossible. We could not come and live with you here even if you wished it, and unless you could make a tolerable allowance, of course it is useless for me to think of such a thing."

"A tolerable allowance! Frederick, that is what Mr. Molyneux is asking for Nelly."

"I'd see him at Jericho first," said Frederick; "a miserly old villain, who has money enough to set up a dozen sons. Why should he come to you? I need not point out to you, mother, the very great difference there is between Nelly, who is only your daughter, and myself, the eldest son."

"Has the lady anything?" asked Mrs. Eastwood, skillfully making a diversion. "I hope she is very nice, my dear, and very good, both for your sake and my own; and I would not for the world have you mercenary in your marriage; but still I should like to know—has she anything? I take it for granted she has nice connections, and everything else satisfactory."

"I don't know anything about her means," said Frederick, in a lordly and splendid way. "That is a question I never thought of asking."

"And indeed you are quite right," said Mrs. Eastwood, faltering. She had herself inculcated this doctrine. Mercenary marriages she had held up many and many a time to the scorn of her family; but it is one thing to make a mercenary marriage and another to inquire whether the future partner of your days has anything—"for her own sake," said Mrs. Eastwood. But as Frederick was in a disagreeable state of mind, and ready to take offense on the smallest provocation, she did not take up this view of the question. The great revelation itself was the chief thing to be considered. "May I not know something at least about her, Frederick? Where did you meet her? So it is this that has absorbed you so much for some time? I have noticed it, though I did not know what it was. Is she pretty, is she nice? Do I know her? You will not refuse to tell me something about her, my dear."

"I cannot tell you, for there is nothing settled. But, mother, the first part is entirely within your power. And this is what I wanted—not to pour out any sentimental secrets into your ear, but to ask what I shall have to calculate upon. Of course, unless I have some satisfactory settlement with you, it would be dishonorable for me to open my lips at all."

Mrs. Eastwood was silent. She seemed to have lost the power of utterance. Was Molyneux right, after all? Was it to be a struggle to the death from henceforth—the children trying how much they could get, the parent how much she could withhold?

"You do not make me any answer, mother," said Frederick.

"I cannot all at once," she said, feeling desperately that to gain time was the best she could do.

"You forget, Frederick, that I was totally unprepared."

"But you must have foreseen that such a thing would happen some day," he said.

"I ought to have done so, no doubt, but I don't think I had thought of it. Of course, I hoped you would both marry," she said, falteringly. Stray

and vague thoughts that the marriage of her children should not have involved as a matter of necessity this attack upon herself floated through her mind—but she was so deeply penetrated by the absolute horror of her own reluctance to satisfy them that she felt unable to suggest any possible blame except to herself.

"I must beg, mother," said Frederick, "that you will not speak of Nelly and myself as if we were exactly in the same position. Nelly has her fortune. Any further demand on her part is quite ridiculous. I, on the other hand, shall have the credit of the family to keep up. I shall actually be the head of the family on your death."

On your death! Is there any human mind which is not conscious of a startling thrill and wince when these words are said? Mrs. Eastwood nodded her head in acquiescence, but felt as if her son had calmly fitted and fired an arrow which went tingling into her heart. Of course, what he said was quite true.

"I will consider the whole question carefully," she said, in a tone which changed in spite of herself, "and I will ask advice. It is strange to take advice between my children and myself, but you have often told me, Frederick, I did not understand business. I must think it all over carefully before I can give you any answer. I have the boys to consider, too."

"The boys, pshaw!" said Frederick. "If Dick goes to India, and Jenny into the Church, they are both provided for. I do not see that you need to trouble yourself about the boys."

"If you had gone into the Church you would have been well provided for," said Mrs. Eastwood.

"Jenny may have difficulties, too—"

"Oh, I would make short work with Jenny's difficulties!" said Frederick. That was totally a different question. He went on expounding his views to her about his brothers till Mrs. Eastwood found the evening cold, and went in shivering a little and far from happy. She had come to one of the enigmas of life of which the *fin mot* was yet to find, and out of which she could not see her way.

(To be continued.)

CAPTURE OF A STRANGE CREATURE.

WHILE the steamship *Nevada* was about eighty miles off one of the minor isles of Micronesia, on its way up from Australia, at about six o'clock in the morning, a strange animal, of a dark figure, was observed to light on the highest peak of the forward mast. Attracted by its peculiar appearance, the officer of the deck, Mr. Burns, the second mate, offered one of the sailors a small bonus to secure it. The man clambered up the mast with a heavy cloth in his hand, and after a severe struggle, in which he was severely bitten on the hand, it was secured. Bringing it to the deck, the beast proved to be a fine specimen of a species of the vampire tribe.

This animal closely resembles the pterodactyl of antediluvian ages. On a cursory examination it appears like a huge bat. It is in the head of the animal, however, that the main distinction is found. That of the present one is a perfect counterpart of the black-and-tan terrier dog. Its teeth are over half an inch in length, and are called in constant requisition to discountenance all attempts at familiarity. When flying, the wings of this ill-omened beast stretch, from tip to tip, at least five times the diameter of its body. It is of a deep jet-black color, the body being covered with a heavy fur. It is very savage, being constantly on the alert to attack any person approaching it.

Whether this animal is a full and perfect vampire, whose feats of lulling men to sleep with the waving fan motions of its wing, while sucking in the victim's heart-blood, is still a question; as yet it has not been examined by any scientific man. Its appearance is, however, enough to suggest the truth of such a horrible surmise. Be this as it may, the little Micronesian island has always borne a weird and frightful reputation among the native inhabitants of the adjoining ones. Strange stories of cannibalism, tales of savage idolatrous practices, poison valleys, etc., are constantly connected in their minds with its name, and in the small matter of being possessed of blood-sucking vampires, in addition to all the other horrors, few of them would think the matter extraordinary or the least doubtful.

FOREIGN NOTES.

SPEAKING at Sheffield, recently, the Rev. Dr. Angus, member of the New Testament Revision Committee, stated that the work of revising the New Testament would be completed in seven years, and the Old Testament in twelve years, if the committees continued, as at present, to devote forty days a year to the work. The Americans had also appointed two committees to whom the English work was referred for suggestion. The completed work would therefore represent the united scholarship of the English-speaking people.

THE Church of England has lately revived a system of penances of the most useful and disagreeable sort. At abominably early hours gorgeous carriages deposit at the doors of sacred edifices in fashionable quarters ladies carefully gloved in large, yellow, ugly house-maid's gauntlets. Equipped in this fashion, they go through the unusual and therefore exceedingly tiresome tasks of dusting hassocks, sweeping floors, and cleaning stoves. To black-lead a very large and very cold stove on a chilly Spring morning is not calculated to be a charming exercise for a white-handed, dainty lady of society; neither is the thumping of a quantity of fat and dusty hassocks an agreeable thing to do. The ecclesiastical authorities who led these fashionable souls to repentance—and got their churches cleaned at the same time—deserve no end of praise.

It has been discovered that many Londoners mistake old and disused pumps, in which there is a slit where the handle used to work, for letter-boxes, and put their letters in them. In one in Great Titchfield Street several of these were discovered, and three are said to be still lying in the slit of a pump near Portland Place. It is assumed that this is mere blundering, but it is certain that some of these letters were not robbed of their stamps before being thus deposited? A very short time ago certain errand-boys who were intrusted with the posting of letters did not scruple to annex the stamps and post the letters down the gratings of the common sewers—we suppose, under the impression that that was the safest way to get rid of the evidence against them, since they might have pleaded ignorance as to the distinction between one grating and another. Evidently, for such children as these, disused pumps with slits would be quite a godsend. Some people are indignant that the Post Office does not seal up all the available slits in London.

THE Saturday Review begins an interesting article entitled "Madmen and Wills," as follows: "It is

becoming very difficult to know what course elderly gentlemen who are anxious not to have their wills disputed had better follow with regard to organ-grinders and brass bands. A few weeks ago half a dozen mad doctors went into the witness-box in the Probate Court, to declare that an old gentleman who was in the habit of swearing at itinerant musicians when they played under his window at Ramsgate must necessarily have been mad, and quite incapable of making a will. But happily the judge did not agree with them, and the will was upheld. This week we have had another case in the same court, in which a testator's partiality for German bands was adduced as conclusive proof of his insanity—an argument in which the jury appears to have fully concurred, and to which we may ourselves venture to add our cordial and emphatic assent. It is no doubt satisfactory to find that these decisions are in accordance with the common sense of mankind, but it is not the less startling and uncomfortable to observe that, whether a man curses or encourages brass bands, professional evidence is equally forthcoming to show that it is an infallible indication of insanity."

THE burning of a dead prince in India is rather expensive. A letter to the London *Times* describes the combustion of his Highness the Maharajah of Jondhpore. The corpse was dressed in royal robes of brocade cloth, and decked out with jewelry valued at \$75,000. In front of the funeral procession walked two elephants laden with gold and silver coins to the amount of \$62,500, which were scattered at every hundred paces among the spectators, to be scrambled for. The corpse, shawls and jewelry were all thrown together upon the burning pile. From the day on which his Highness died, 5,000 Brahmins regularly received food and a largess of a rupee each at the palace-gates. All the inhabitants, by way of expressing their grief, shaved off their beards, mustaches and the hair of their heads. The lamented Rajah left behind him a neat assortment of wives and concubines, who were, many of them, extremely desirous to be burned with their late lord, some because they were really grieved at his loss, and others because it was the fashionable thing to do. It was not permitted, however, greatly to the disgust of the widows.

FROM a Berlin letter to the London Times, we learn what has been and is to be done with the indemnity money exacted from France, including local contributions and interest upon the remainder, 1,075,972,531 thalers have been paid to Germany by France up to the 12th of March. Of this sum nearly one-half (500,000,000 thalers) will be immediately portioned out among the individual States of the German Empire. Of the other half, in accordance with sundry laws previously passed, 86,666,666 thalers have been paid to France for the Alsace-Lorraine railways and other items; 36,700,000 thalers have been accorded to private persons and corporations in Alsace and Germany for damages and expenses undergone during the war, an additional 5,600,000 thalers being awarded to shipowners on the same score; 18,412,300 thalers more were required for rolling-stock and other railway material in Alsace and Lorraine, and 40,000,000 thalers for the fortresses in the same province. The invalid fund absorbed 27,000,000 thalers; the extra expenditure incurred by the occupation, 29,000,000 thalers; the armament and disarmament of fortresses, the purchase of fresh siege material and naval equipments, 28,000,000 thalers; 20,000,000 thalers had to be restored to the custom-house department; 11,000,000 thalers is the amount consumed by treasury bonds falling due; 3,500,000 thalers were handed over to Bavaria and Wurtemberg, whose military administration is not under the Empire; 5,450,000 thalers went to the Government railways for the completion and repair of rolling-stock; 4,000,000 thalers to generals for endowment; the rest being partly swallowed up in supplying the Imperial Exchequer with working capital and re-equipping some special branches of the military service. Of the money in hand, nearly 29,000,000 thalers are in the bank; 52,000,000 thalers are invested in German and English bills of exchange, while 25,000,000 have been laid out in the purchase of German stock, and 25,000,000 thalers more are being employed in procuring gold for the new coin. The sums mentioned in the last few items, as well as the remainder to be paid by France, are at some later date to be distributed among the various States, after deducting the 240,000,000 thalers set apart by law for invalid pensions, and the 40,000,000 to be laid by as a war reserve fund. A full account of the whole, as well as of the effect produced upon the exchequers of the individual States by the distribution of the money not employed for common purposes, will only be possible this time next year.

SCIENTIFIC.

FROM recent experiments by eminent physicians in France, it is shown that the article ordinarily made and sold there under the name of "ice-cream" is mainly manufactured of corn starch, French clay, and poisonous coloring matter. The beautiful carmine which pervades the treacherous compound comes from the cochineal bug. A continued course of such poison produces the most direful maladies. First dyspepsia, then scrofulous eruptions, accompanied by a loosening of the teeth and a dropping out of the hair. This agent of destruction is not confined to the street-corners alone. It is sold as well in innumerable gilded saloons and places of fashionable resort.

ROCHARD and LEGROS announce, as the result of their investigations, that the different forms of mold which are developed upon bread do not represent any kind of epidemic; and only exhibit themselves when the bread is badly made with inferior flour, or kept in unsuitable conditions. Bread thus manufactured becomes a favorable soil for the development of fungi, which may be of various colors—orange, green, etc. The humidity and acidity of bread, and keeping it in dark places, are the most favorable causes of the development of mold. Of the red mold of bread, the occurrence of which has sometimes produced so much alarm, two forms have been observed. The green spots in bread are sometimes caused by *Aspergillus glaucus*, sometimes by *Penicillium glaucum*. The black spots, which are very frequent, and which often unite the orange and green, depend upon the presence of *Rhizopus nigricans*, and sometimes with the addition of *Botrytis grisea*.

THE Challenger (the vessel fitted out by the British Government for scientific investigation of the bed of the ocean) appears to be picking up very curious creatures from the bottom of the Atlantic. It has dredged up creatures almost entirely composed of eyes, in which the body is a mere appendage to the eyes, and another, a crustacea, in which the eyes—if there ever were any—have taken leave of the body, and the body is totally blind, but furnished with the most delicate claws, by which the animal feels its way about. It seems not surprising that in the deep-sea depths there should either be a very highly developed apparatus of vision, or none at all. The light must be exceedingly small in amount, and, therefore, if the creature is to use it, it must have the finest possible sense of vision. There would be no natural advantage in common eyes in such a medium—probably a natural disadvantage, as, if it could not see with them, it would be always getting injured in them. And that may be the reason why these extremes of eyeslessness and eyesfulness meet. The *Challenger* is expected at this port at an early day.

NEWS BRIEFS.

LAKE PEPE is open.

THE Indian Peace Commission has been discontinued.

SEVERAL Japanese of high rank are on their way to Vienna.

THE deaths in Brooklyn during the last week numbered 78.

FLORENCIO REBAS, the Venezuelan Consul at this port, died on the 16th instant.

THE wheat crop in California this season promises to be the largest ever known.

THE bullion in the Bank of England has decreased £466,000 during the past week.

IN La Paz, Bolivia, Dr. Cazorero Corral has been elected President of the Republic.

LARGE deposits of borax have been discovered in Inyo and Mono Counties, Nevada.

THE street-cars have stopped in Sacramento, owing to the prevalence of the horse-disease.

THE weekly statement of the Bank of France shows an increase of 1,000,000 francs.

A LARGE fire occurred at Georgetown, Demarara, and destroyed a vast amount of property.

ISAAC A. VERPLANCK, Chief-Justice of the Superior Court of Buffalo, died of apoplexy on the 13th instant.

PROPOSITIONS to surrender have been received from large numbers of the worst Apaches in Arizona.

MANY Carlists surrendered to the Government troops in the North, in the hope of receiving amnesty.

A LEGISLATIVE union between New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward's Island is being advocated.

A SERIOUS riot occurred among the Chinese at Sacramento on the 15th instant. Two men were dangerously wounded.

DENVER has a new hotel with bullet-proof walls. You can sit in perfect security, and listen to the shooting in the next room.

THE Democrats have elected all but one of the Chosen Freeholders in Bergen County, N. J., and most of the township officers.

THE Secretary of War has ordered that 500 stands of arms be turned over to the citizens of Oregon, for use against the Indians.

It is reported that a son of Prince Henry of Bourbon, Duke of Seville, was killed while fighting for Don Carlos in a recent engagement.

THE railway between Barcelona and Terragona has been cut by the Carlists, and travel between those cities is temporarily suspended.

THE first Protestant Easter service ever held in Cuba took place in the Episcopal Church in Havana, Rev. E. Kenney as the rector.

A BILL was passed in the State Legislature to extend the time for the organization of the Mutual Trust Institution of the City of New York.

MARSHAL BAZAINE is about to be released on his parole of honor, which is equivalent to a confession that the charges against him cannot be sustained.

THE President has appointed Nathaniel Shipman, of Hartford, Conn. United States District Judge for Connecticut, in place of W. D. Shipman, resigned.

UNDER the new Internal Revenue law, doing away with the office of assessors, 160 collectors have been reappointed, and 60 assessors promoted to collectorships.

AT Mound City Navy Yard, the monitor *Oceola* was sold for \$13,600; the *Sandusky*, \$18,000, and the *Marietta*, \$16,000. A St. Louis man purchased them.

THE Baltimore baseball nine beat the Washington nine at Washington by a score of 7 to 1. The Washingtons did not secure a run until the ninth inning.

THE programme for the celebration of Shakespeare's birthday, at Stratford-on-Avon, is published. There will be a procession, oration, readings from the plays, etc.

THE Carlists in Spain have gained possession of the town Onati, in the province of Guipuzcoa. Onati is thirty miles southeast of Bilbao, and contains 4,000 inhabitants.

MRS. CHARLES CAMPBELL, of Fordham, colored and married to the station-house a ruffian who entered her house and demanded money. The offender would not give his name.

THE Common Council of Long Island City have passed a resolution favoring the amendment to the city charter, now before the Legislature, providing for the abolition of the City Court.

A PATENT was issued and sent to the Surveyor-General of California, last week, for Brea Rancho, comprising 4,400 acres in Los Angeles County, Cal., Henry Hancock and Ex-Senator Cole, owners.

THE Carlists have seized the authorities of Tamarite, in Huesca, and announce their intention of holding them until a sum of money, which has been demanded of the town, shall have been paid.

THE custom of paying their annual salary to members of the French Academy in a small bag of gray-brown paper originated in the time of Cardinal Richelieu—when the Academy started—and is continued to this day.

A CAST of the skull of Descartes—which is kept at the Paris Garden of Plants—has been given, by Professor Gervais, to the Archaeological Society of Touraine. A cast has also been taken for London and another for Stockholm.

A PROJECT is on foot for a meeting of Western and Southern Congressmen at St. Louis, next month, to consider questions of interest to the States of the Mississippi Valley. It is thought that 150 Congressmen will attend.

PILFERING has been so prevalent near the wreck of the *Atlantic* lately, that handbills, containing sections of the law bearing upon robbery from wrecks, have been printed and sent to Prospect and Terence Bay, and are to be posted up in conspicuous places.

GEORGE HARRIS, a deliverer for the National Express Company in Fordham, Tremont and Morrisania, has been missing since the 9th inst. He went to New York, and has not been seen since. His express business, it is said, is in an unsettled condition. Many persons are anxious to see him.

THE absence of Ed. W. Kirk, the defaulting Morrisania school treasurer, is explained as follows: "He fell in a fit in New York; was robbed and sent to Baltimore, where he came to himself." His whiskers were shaved off by mistake. It was another man that the barber intended to shave.

IN obedience to a cable dispatch, received April 17th by the Consul-General of the German Empire, Carl Crenz, of Celle, Hanover, was arrested on the arrival of the steamship *Cella*, and lodged in Ludlow Street Jail, charged with embezzling 7,000 thalers from one August Wieland, also of Celle.

THE MODOC WAR.

THE LATE MAJOR-GENERAL CANBY.

MAJOR-GENERAL EDWARD RICHARD SPRIGG CANBY, who was murdered by Captain Jack near the Lava-beds, was born in the State of Kentucky, in 1819. He was removed soon after to Indiana, and was admitted to the Military Academy at West Point during the year 1836. He graduated in June, 1839, with General Isaac Stevens, General Halleck, General Ricketts, General Ord, and General E. Payne, of Illinois. He was attached to the Second United States Regular Infantry as a Second Lieutenant, July 1st, 1839, and was appointed Assistant-Commissary of Subsistence in the next October. He was promoted to a First Lieutenant on the 18th of June, 1846, having been appointed Adjutant of his regiment during the previous March, and served in General Riley's regiment in the Mexican War. He was appointed Assistant-Adjutant-General on General Riley's Staff, with the rank of Captain, in 1847.

For gallant conduct during the battles of Churubusco, Contreras, and Cerro Gordo, he was breveted Major in August, 1849, and was afterward awarded the brevet of Lieutenant-Colonel, to date from September 13th, 1847. In June, 1851, he was promoted to the full rank of Captain in the Second Infantry, but he relinquished this for the Assistant-Adjutant-Generalship with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. In 1855, March 3d, he was appointed Major of the Tenth United States Infantry, a regiment just then organized.

He commanded Fort Bridger, Utah Territory, in 1858, having with him portions of the Seventh and Tenth Infantry and Second Dragoons. In 1860, he directed the Navajoe expedition, and established the camp near Fort Defiance, New Mexico.

Lieutenant-Colonel Canby, at the outbreak of the rebellion, was promoted to the Colonelcy of the Nineteenth Regiment of United States Infantry, when President Lincoln issued the proclamation to increase the Regular Army. He was in charge of the Military District of New Mexico.

He commanded at the famous struggle at Fort Craig on the 21st of February, 1862, and finally defeated General Sibley, and drove the rebels out of the department. He was made a Brigadier-General of Volunteers on the 31st of March, 1862, and was ordered to Washington as Secretary Stanton's military assistant.

At the time of the July riots in New York, General Canby was appointed to take charge of the United States troops in the vicinity, and materially aided the restoration of order and peace in the metropolis. He afterward resumed his duties at Washington.

He received his commission as Major-General of Volunteers, May 7th, 1864, and was given the Military Division of West Mississippi, where he remained until June 3d, 1865. President Lincoln thanked him, in behalf of the country, for his skill in conducting the operations in Mobile, against Forts Powell, Gaines and Morgan. He was



THE LATE MAJOR-GENERAL CANBY.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY C. D. FREDERICKS & CO., NEW YORK.

wounded once by the rebel guerrillas on White River, Arkansas, November 14th, 1864.

The President breveted him Brigadier-General of the Regular Army, March 13th, 1865, and Major-General after the occupation of Mobile.

Lieutenant-General Richard Taylor, and the Confederate Army he commanded, surrendered to General Canby, May 4th, 1865, and on the 26th, General E. K. Smith also surrendered to him all of the Trans-Mississippi rebel forces.

He commanded the Department of the Gulf from June 3d until July 17th, 1865; of the Department of Louisiana and Texas until May, 1866, and he was then transferred to Washington, with full Brigadier's rank. September 1st, 1866, he was mustered out of the volunteer service, with full rank.

General Canby, after having performed other important detailed services, was sent to the Pacific Slope, and has been closely following Captain Jack and his fellows, who murdered the brave old officer in cold blood on the 11th of this month. The details of the treacherous act spread like wildfire over the country, and have not only aroused the just indignation of our people, but have given the pathetic peace policy of the red man's Great Father at Washington its deathblow, and also broken the calumet and dug up the tomahawk—the only argument, in conjunction with rifle-bullets, likely to have any salutary effect upon the villainous aborigine as he exists in the Lava-beds of Oregon.

THE ASSAULT AT THE COUNCIL.

By previous arrangement, the Peace Commission party—comprising General Canby, Mr. A. B. Meacham, Dr. Thomas, Mr. Dyar, Riddle, the interpreter, and squaw, Bogus and Boston Charley, went out to the edge of the Lava-beds.

There they met Captain Jack, John Schonchin, Black Jim, Schack Nasty Jim, Ellen's man, and Hooker Jim. They had no guns with them, but each carried a pistol at his belt, unnoticed.

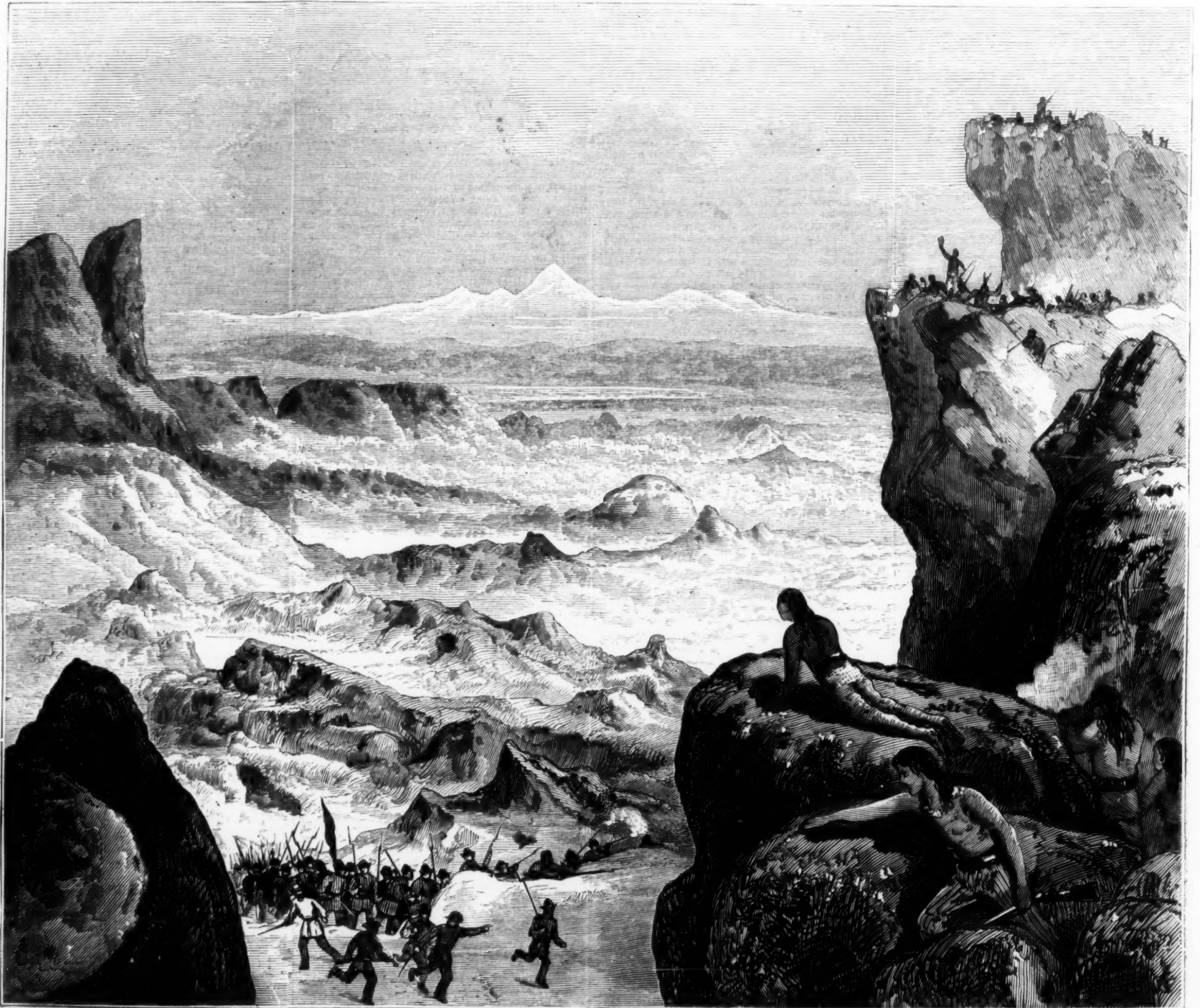
They sat in this order: General Canby, Meacham and Dr. Thomas, on one side, faced Captain Jack and Schonchin. Mr. Dyar stood by Jack, holding his horse, with Hooker Jim and Schack Nasty Jim to his left.

Meacham, General Canby and Doctor Thomas talked for a time, and Captain Jack responded. When he closed, he stepped to the rear, near Meacham's horse. John Schonchin then began to talk, and during his speech Mr. Dyar heard a cap miss fire, and looking around, saw Captain Jack pointing a pistol at General Canby.

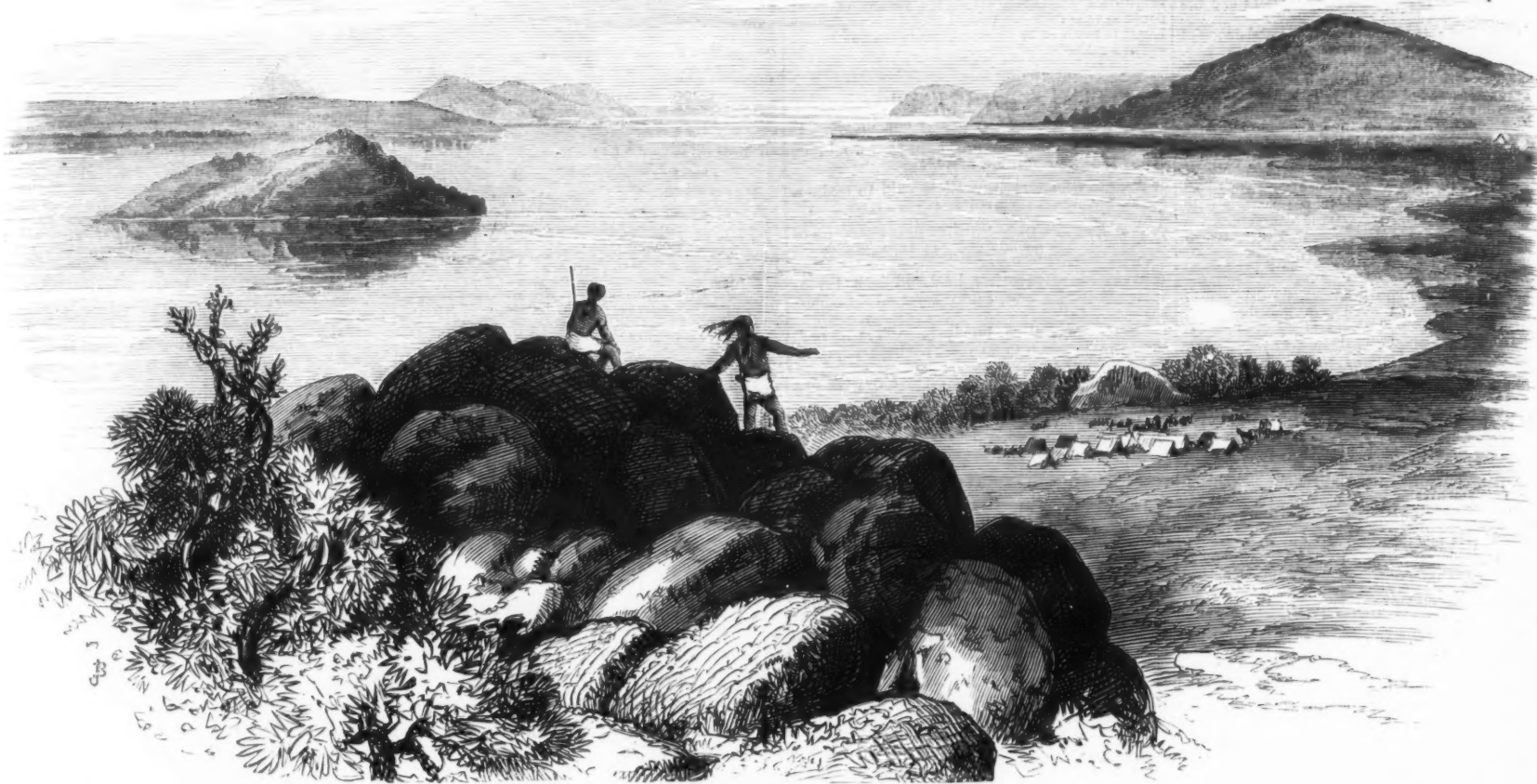
Half a dozen shots were fired by the renegades, instantly, and a general massacre began. Captain Jack fired at General Canby, who turned to run, but was speedily shot and killed.

Meacham tried to draw his Derringer, when two Indians ran up and knocked him down. Dr. Thomas was put to death almost instantly by two pistol-shots in the head.

Captain Anderson, who was on duty at the signal station on Hospital Rock, saw plainly the attack upon Colonel Mason's front, and telegraphed Gen



OREGON.—THE MODOC WAR—CAPTAIN JACK AND HIS FOLLOWERS CHECKING THE ADVANCE OF UNION TROOPS IN THE LAVA-BEDS.



OREGON.—THE MODOC WAR—UPPER KLAMATH LAKE, NEAR THE LAVA-BEDS.

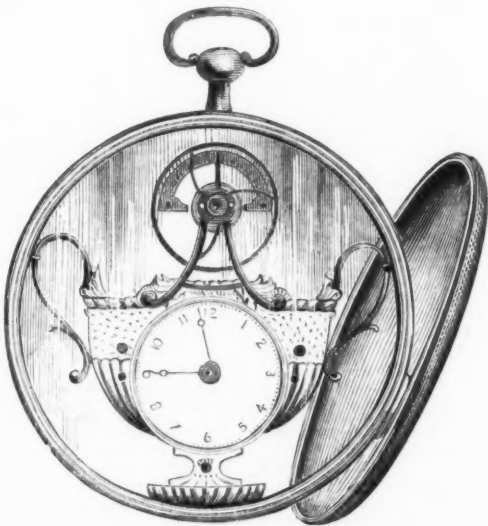
eral Gillem to notify the Peace Commission immediately. Colonel Biddle, who was at the signal station at General Gillem's headquarters when this message was received, at once placed his field-glass upon General Canby, as the party sat together, about one mile distant, and very soon afterward he perceived the whole party scattered. The Colonel followed the General's course with his glass while he ran about fifty yards, when he threw up his arms and fell backward, dead. Two of the Indians who were following him jumped on him, and one—believed to be Captain Jack—stabbed him in the neck. His body was afterward completely stripped. Dr. Thomas was also entirely stripped. His purse, containing about sixty dollars, was found under the body, the Indians having dropped it.

Mr. Meacham was shot in three places, one ball entering at the inner corner of his right eye, another inside of his head, and the third passing through his right forearm. The first two balls are both believed to have lodged within his cranium. He also received a cut in the left arm and a scalp-wound about five inches long. He was found about fifty yards from the spot where the slaughter began, in a direction opposite that taken by General Canby. He was also entirely stripped, and when found was believed to be dead. Captain Anderson spent an hour with him, when he was conscious and in no pain. Meacham says he thinks he shot Schonchin in the abdomen, and blood was found which indicated that one of the Indians had been wounded. The soldiers who were ready started on a double-quick immediately upon the firing of the shots. They met Dyer, and Riddle and his wife, before they were half way from the camp. The Indians retired, and kept up their retreat about six hundred yards in advance of the soldiers, who followed them half a mile beyond the murder-grounds, where they remained until dark, when they were withdrawn, as they were not provided with supplies.

THE LAVA-BEDS.

The Lava-beds are located in the country along the boundaries of Oregon and California, and near the Klamath River and Lakes. It is cut up by fissures, abysses, lakes, high mountains and caves, and covers an area of one hundred square miles. Here and there are vales bounded by walls more than one thousand feet high, composed of dark lava-like trap or red scoria, the interval between which forms a sort of congealed sea, whose ragged, crested waves, with volcanic orifices, seem to have been frozen in the upheaval, and never had time to subside. The miniature vents or chimneys, which had been formed no doubt by the bursting of steam or gases from below, lead to subterranean galleries or caverns, from fifteen to twenty feet wide, and of indefinite length. The largest cave is known as Ben Wright's Cave, and it is said to contain fifteen acres of open space under ground, in which there is a good spring, and many openings through which a man can crawl, the main entrance being about the size of a common window. In this cave it was that Jack and his followers fortified themselves. The gulches and crevices range from a few feet to one hundred feet in width, and many of them are one hundred feet deep. The Indians could travel through all these Lava-beds by trails only known to themselves, and stand on bluffs over persons fifty yards beneath and where it would require a long journey to go to them. They could see men coming at a distance of five miles without being visible themselves. They also could permit their pursuers to come within a few feet of the bluff, and shoot down and retire, if necessary, to other similar bluffs. One of our illustrations shows the Modocs awaiting the United States troops in this manner. They are on the bluffs, ambushed, and fully prepared to give their enemies a warm reception.

If pressed too closely, the Indians could drop into crevices entirely



A WATCH WORN BY NAPOLEON THE FIRST.

inaccessible to troops, and follow some subterranean passage, with which they were fully acquainted, and gain another ambush from which it might cost ten lives to dislodge them. It is represented that the Modocs could shoot from the tops of cliffs without exposing an inch of their persons. In the Lava-beds are a number of small plots abundantly supplied with bunch-grass, which cattle find by long and circuitous trails. The only thing the Modocs lacked was ammunition. Those who visited the military headquarters during the past few months were detected on several occasions stealing cartridges, and even some of the women were caught in the act. The troops were well posted so as to prevent the Indians escaping. Their only line of retreat would seem to be in a southerly direction into the Pitt River Mountains. The tribes in that quarter are of a warlike character, and have given the Government considerable trouble in times past. In 1858 and 1859 their ambushes were so effective and their manner of warfare so advantageous, that at first very little progress was made in reducing them to submission. The Pitt River savages, when pressed closely, would take to their canoes and paddle to the islands in the lakes, where they could not be followed. After much care and trouble, several boats were built and transferred across the Lava-beds, and the Indians were cut off from these hiding-places. One of the latest measures of precaution taken by General Canby was to place boats on Tule Lake.

The troops, in pursuing the Modocs, followed them on foot and very cautiously, because in passing through the gulches and narrow winding crevices they dreaded meeting Indian adversaries behind neighboring boulders, or being greeted by the sharp crack of a rifle protruding from some lava-nook or chimney.

Upper Klamath Lake is a fine sheet of water, thirty miles long and twelve wide, bordered by timbered ridges, with an occasional belt of tule. Excellent bunch-grass, with bushes and small trees, abound in the vicinity. There are islands in it, which are easily reached from the beds by canoes, and furnish shelter for retreating Indians. The Modocs know every nook and corner in these, and the Lava-beds, and will, it is feared, find safety, after all, in flight.

The order for the fiends' extermination has gone forth, and they are hard pressed by Colonel Gillem now. Indeed, by the latest advices we learn that a great three days' battle has just been fought. The treacherous Modocs were driven in and surrounded on Tuesday, April 15th.

A gallant attack was made by General Gillem's command on Wednesday, 16th instant, which was heartily entered into by the Warm Spring Indians—our allies—who hugely enjoyed killing and scalping their enemies. Howitzers and cannon were placed in position, Captain Jack's retreat was shelled, and under cover of the bombardment, the lines were closed in and his fortress was captured. The fighting was very severe, and it seems that some of the band managed to break through and get on the flank of Mason's camp.

On Thursday following the Indians fled to the hills, and were beyond reach of their besiegers. Fearful Charley, it is said, was killed. It is also reported that John Schonchin and eight Modocs are dead, and several wounded.

The troops are in hot pursuit of the retreating Indians.

A RELIC OF THE FIRST NAPOLEON.

MEMENTOES of persons who played prominent parts in the events of the last century are usually regarded by matter-of-fact Yankees with much distrust.

In the case of a watch, however, that has recently come into the possession of J. F. Klarenaar, Esq., of Louisville, Ky., there are historical



NEW YORK CITY.—REV. GEORGE HEPWORTH'S NEW CHURCH, MADISON AVENUE AND FORTY-FIFTH STREET.—SEE PAGE 130.

memoranda proving its antiquity, and investing it with rare value as a relic.

Some time about the years 1812 or 1813, while traveling in a coach and six through Holland, on a visit to The Hague, Napoleon passed through the fortress of Newwegen. A procession was formed, and many of the soldiers who had served under the Emperor in his campaigns turned out as a guard of honor. While approaching the quay on the River Waal, the horses attached to the imperial carriage became unmanageable, the vehicle was run on the verge of a precipice, and was on the point of turning over, when, with a reckless disregard for his own life, one Wilhelm Behnen dashed through the crowd and between the frightened horses and the brink, and succeeded in arresting them.

Napoleon alighted from his carriage and inquired his rescuer's name, at the same time offering him, as a recognition of his service, a commission in the army, but Mr. Behnen declined the offer. The Emperor then asked him why he had endangered his own life to save him, and was so well pleased with the answer, that he took his watch from a pocket and presented it to him.

Mr. Behnen afterward kept the Post-haus, or post-office, at the village of Elten, and at his death the watch fell to the possession of Theodore Goris, an uncle of Mr. Klarenaar, where it remained until within a few weeks. Mr. Klarenaar, mother of the present owner, has been on a visit to Germany during the past five months, and on her recent return brought the trophy home with her as a present to her son from his uncle.

The works are set in a gold urn, on the face of which is the dial, and above it is the balance-wheel, pivoted on a small dial. This pretty mechanical arrangement is inclosed in crystals on both sides, but protected on the back by a gold shell, like an ordinary watch.

REV. GEORGE HEPWORTH'S NEW CHURCH.

REV. GEORGE HEPWORTH'S new church, of which we give a full view in our engraving, stands at the corner of Forty-fifth Street and Madison Avenue. It was begun in August, 1872, and completed last month. The expense attending its erection was defrayed by voluntary contributions of Mr. Hepworth's admirers. The entire building contract was taken by Mr. J. Sniffin at \$115,000, which, with the cost of the organ, furnishing, and other matters, will reach \$130,000. Add to these the price of the lot, \$125,000, and the whole cost will then foot up \$275,000.

The exterior is Oriental in style, with its strong walls surmounted by a handsome dome, 30 feet high, and ten minarets. The exterior and the towers—two of which, 70 and 60 feet high, are framed on the outer walls—are covered with corrugated iron. The entrance-doors, 11 feet wide, are in the angles made by the towers and walls, but independent of the main building.

The building proper is 125 feet on Madison Avenue by 125 feet on Forty-fifth Street, erected on solid stone foundation 30 inches, and of substantial brick masonry 16 inches thick, and 38 feet in height to the plates and 64 feet to ridge of roof. A slated roof is supported by four pairs of immense trusses of sufficient strength to suspend a gallery in case it should be found desirable in the future. The trusses rest on eight piers of brick, in cement, 5 feet square, the floor on strong wooden posts set on stone piers, 20 by 20, the whole constructed in the most substantial and workmanlike manner.

The auditorium is 123 by 100 feet, and 40 feet high to the centre dome. It, too, is covered with ornamental corrugated iron. The centre dome is 30 feet high and 16 feet in diameter, and has a circle of 200 gas-jets, the heat generated being conveyed through the roof by a metal tube 4 feet in diameter. Surrounding this is a corrugated iron cylinder, 16 feet in diameter, supported by strong braces resting upon the beams of the trusses. A communication is made with the interior of the auditorium by sixteen trap-doors surrounding the ten-foot reflector, affording perfect light and aid to ventilation, the whole machinery being under the instant control of the sexton from the auditorium-floor. By means of wires and simple mechanism, the gas is lighted and extinguished at will, the traps and ventilators of the five domes opened and closed. The smaller domes have 100 burners each. Besides this ventilation, there are fourteen registers communicating with the flues in the piers.

Three hundred and sixty-eight spacious pews, upholstered with crimson damask, are ranged in semi-circular rows, with ten radiating aisles around the altar, and the descending grade of the floor toward the east being six feet in ninety, an occupant of any seat will command an uninterrupted view of the platform. In the rear, east of the altar, is the organ, and on either side doors lead to a rear building containing committee-rooms, water-closets, wash-rooms, and private offices. Here also are four fire-plugs, and hose equal to ordinary emergencies. In the pastor's study are convenient appliances for private gymnastics.

In the basement is a school and lecture-room, 40 by 60, an infant class-room for one hundred, a Bible class-room, a library, and complete kitchen, with all modern appliances. The heating arrangements are by four furnaces—two on the ground at the east side, of the Littlefield self-feeding plan, and two on the west side in the ground, on the Burtis model. They are thoroughly protected from fire dangers, the flues passing through earthen tubes, which also pass through the brick piers five feet square. All woodwork is secured from fire by iron, and no flue is within three feet of woodwork.

THE PUGET SOUND EXTENSION OF THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

THE great effort now being put forth by the Northern Pacific Company to extend its road to Puget Sound will greatly advance the commercial interests of the whole Pacific belt. The arrangements recently made by its managers, by which a force has already been set to work connecting the line already completed with Puget Sound, the entire Oregon Railroad system, and the navigable waters of the Columbia River, will also throw open the exhaustless mineral resources of Washington Territory to California and Oregon, and greatly stimulate the settlement of this whole section.

The finest and most abundant coal deposit on the Pacific Coast is found along the Eastern shore of Puget Sound, and is said to extend from the Columbia River to Bellingham Bay and British Columbia, outcropping in veins from two to fifteen feet in thickness. The seams have been successfully worked for several years, with at present an annual yield of about 90,000 tons, nearly as hard as anthracite, and found by the San Francisco and China mail steamers suitable for their use. The opening of this coal trade with Puget Sound by railway must, furnish great facilities for manufactures on the Pacific Slope, and give a great impetus to all industrial pur-

suits. As the new tributary of the Northern Pacific will strike into the very heart of that vast "forest region" skirting the waters of Puget Sound, and abounding in trees

"Fit to be the mast of some tall admiral,"

with coal and iron at hand in prodigal abundance, it is easy to see that Washington Territory has a magnificent opportunity of carving out for herself a great destiny as a shipbuilding and maritime State. The fact that it is 1,000 miles nearer from Liverpool or New York, in our continental transit to Japan, by the ports of Oregon and Washington than by the San Francisco route, augments the advantages of the former, and when the soil and climate are considered, makes the vicinity of Puget Sound and the Columbia Valley one of the most inviting homes to be found by the immigrant in the New World. —Times Editorial.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

RELATIVE beauty—A pretty cousin.

WHAT quadrupeds are admitted to balls, operas, parties, etc. ? White kids.

A GIRL who marries well is said to make a lucky cat, though she is herself said to be a lucky miss.

A COUNTRY editor asks his subscribers to pay him, that he may play the same joke on his creditors.

MRS. JONES says her husband is a three-handed man—right hand, left hand, and a little behind-hand.

"KEEP 'em alive, boy!—keep 'em alive!" said an old physician to his young brother practitioner. "Dead men pay no bills!"

An Irishman, on being told that a newly invented stove would just save half his usual fuel, replied: "Arrah! then I'll have two, and save it all, my jewel!"

"You can't do too much for your employer, man," said somebody to a big-fisted, strong-backed man-of-all-work, on the wharf. "Arrah!" replied Pat, with great emphasis, "neither will I."

A JILTED swain spitefully says: "Eve did not know as much as her daughters of the present day. Had they been in her place, instead of being deceived, they would have deceived the devil."

JUST WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN EXPECTED.—It turns out that it is the female mosquito that makes all the noise, does all the stinging, and occasions the deplorable amount of profanity wasted on them.

THE latest story of an absent-minded man is that of a drug clerk, who filled his customer's bottle, and receiving therefor a nice new twenty-five cent scrip, pasted it on the bottle and put the label in the cash-drawer.

A POET asks, "Where are the dead, the vanished dead, who trod the earth that now we tread?" If we were to make a random guess, we should say the most of them are buried; though this may not be the right answer.

A SIGN OF THE TIMES.—In speaking of a local debating society, a country paper says: "Our town debating club is in full swing, and questions that have engrossed the intellectual functions of sages ever since the Flood are being decided at the rate of two a week."

"Is this good money?" said a man to a suspicious-looking wag, who had made some small purchases of him. "It ought to be good, for I made it myself," was the answer. Upon this the questioner proposed to give the man into custody for coining, but he explained, in his defense, that he made the money by fiddling.

A WESTERN musical critic thus speaks of a prima-donna: "She had, and we suppose, still retains, a magnificent voice for a fog-whistle. Its compass was perfectly surprising. She would shake the chandelier with a wild whoop that made every man instinctively feel for his scalp, and followed it up with a roar that would shame a double bass."

TOMMY'S ANSWER.—The mother of Tommy, a little fellow who had been sent to school at much too early an age, was very proud of his acquisitions, and liked to exhibit his learning before company. One day, when some visitors were in the parlor, Tommy was asked how the world was divided. "By earthquakes," said Tommy, very promptly.

MIXED METAPHORS.—"Mr. President," exclaimed a member of a debating society, "our country's fate looms darkling before us, without a star above the horizon on which the patriotic mariner can hang a scintillation of hope, but with ominous features of fast-coming doom, gloomy and rayless as the eyes of a tree-toad perched upon the topmost bough of a barren poplar, enveloped in an impenetrable fog."

MURDEROUS PRACTICES.—In Westmoreland it is usual at Christmas for the farmers each to kill a sheep for their own use, on which occasion, when the butcher inquires if they want any meat against Christmas, the usual reply is, "Nay, I think not—I think o' killing myself." A butcher called on a farmer of his acquaintance in the usual manner, saying, "Will ye want a bit o' meat or'll ye kill yerself, this Christmas?" "I kna not," replied the farmer, "whether I'll kill myself, or tak' a side o' my feyther."

PROMPT INFORMATION.—Sheridan was much annoyed in the House of Commons by a member who kept constantly crying, "Hear, hear!" The witty orator described a fellow who wanted to play rogue, but had only sense enough to play fool, and exclaimed, with great emphasis, "Where shall we find a more foolish knave or a more knavish fool than he?" "Hear, hear!" shouted the troublesome member. Sheridan turned round, and, thanking him for the prompt information, sat down amid a general roar of laughter.

A PHYSICIAN, wishing to instruct his pupil in the mysteries of medicine, took him to see a patient who was confined to his bed. "Sir," said the physician to the sick man, "you have been imprudent; you have eaten oysters." The patient confessed that he had. When the physician returned home, the pupil asked him how he came to discover that the man had eaten oysters. "Why," replied he, "I saw some oyster shells under the bed." "Shortly after this he sent his pupil to pay a visit to the same person; but he soon returned, saying that he had been turned out of the house. "Why so?" asked the physician. "Simply, sir," replied the pupil, "for saying that Mr. A. had been imprudent—that he had eaten a horse." "A horse, you blockhead! and how could you say so?" "Because of the symptoms, sir." "What symptoms, you ignoramus?" "Why, I saw a saddle and stirrups under the bed!"

WANTED.—Complete files of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, from Vol. 11, 1860-61, to Vol. 19, inclusive. Unbound copies preferred. Address, stating price, E. G. S., care this office.

NEXT to the physician, the druggist holds the most responsible position in the sick chamber. Hence it is of the greatest importance that the patient should know that his physician has business connections only with first-class and reliable druggists. Prominent among these is Mr. George J. Wenck, 1200 Broadway, corner of Twenty-ninth Street, New York, under the Gilsey House, and 381 Fifth Avenue. So important does he consider the careful preparation of a physician's prescription, that he has two rooms, apart from the general store, where they are made up. He has also adopted a check system, so that a mistake cannot possibly occur. We ought to add, in justice to Mr. Wenck, that he is the first to adopt this method, by which the lives of his patients are secured against the fatal blunders of careless or incompetent apothecaries.

SOMETHING NEW.—A copartnership to be known under the style of Crouce & Tuttle has been established at No. 33 Union Square, for the purpose of carrying on the importation of gentlemen's furnishing goods. The elegant store, on the west side of the Square, is a miniature world of fashion, particularly in the lines of shirts and articles of neck-wear, the firm enjoying unusual facilities for obtaining at the earliest moment the choicest fashions decided upon in London and Paris. As each steamship brings a fresh assortment, the advantage of consulting Messrs. Crouce & Tuttle before purchasing elsewhere is apparent.

On the corner of Broadway and Leonard Street will be found a large and beautiful store-room, well filled with safes, manufactured by the Hall Safe and Lock Company, of Cincinnati. This Company has opened a store in New York to compete for the trade in their line, and have had, as they deserve, decided success. An examination of their stock will satisfy any one that, for strength, perfect protection against destruction by fire or loss by burglars, as well as for beauty of finish, they are equal, if not superior, to any other safes made. We unhesitatingly recommend them to merchants, bankers, and all others needing safes for the protection of valuables.

HONOR to the VETERANS.—Honor also to the inventors whose genius have emancipated the race of women from the drudgery of the needle. Honor above all to a firm which, like the Wilson Sewing Machine Company, distributes its machines broadcast throughout the land at prices that even the poor and humble can afford to pay. A first-class machine for fifty dollars! This is the proclamation of the Wilson Sewing Machine Company to the people. Salesroom at 707 Broadway, New York, and in all other cities in the United States. The Company want agents in country towns.

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MRS. DR. S. T. KNIGHT, of Baltimore, Md., is using pillow and bolster ticks made on a Grover & Baker Machine, fourteen years ago, with No. 90 and 150 cotton, and not one stitch has been broken.

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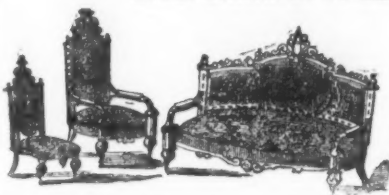
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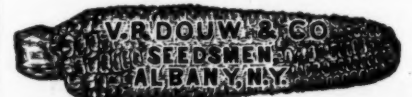
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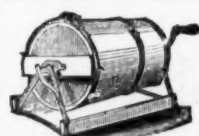
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